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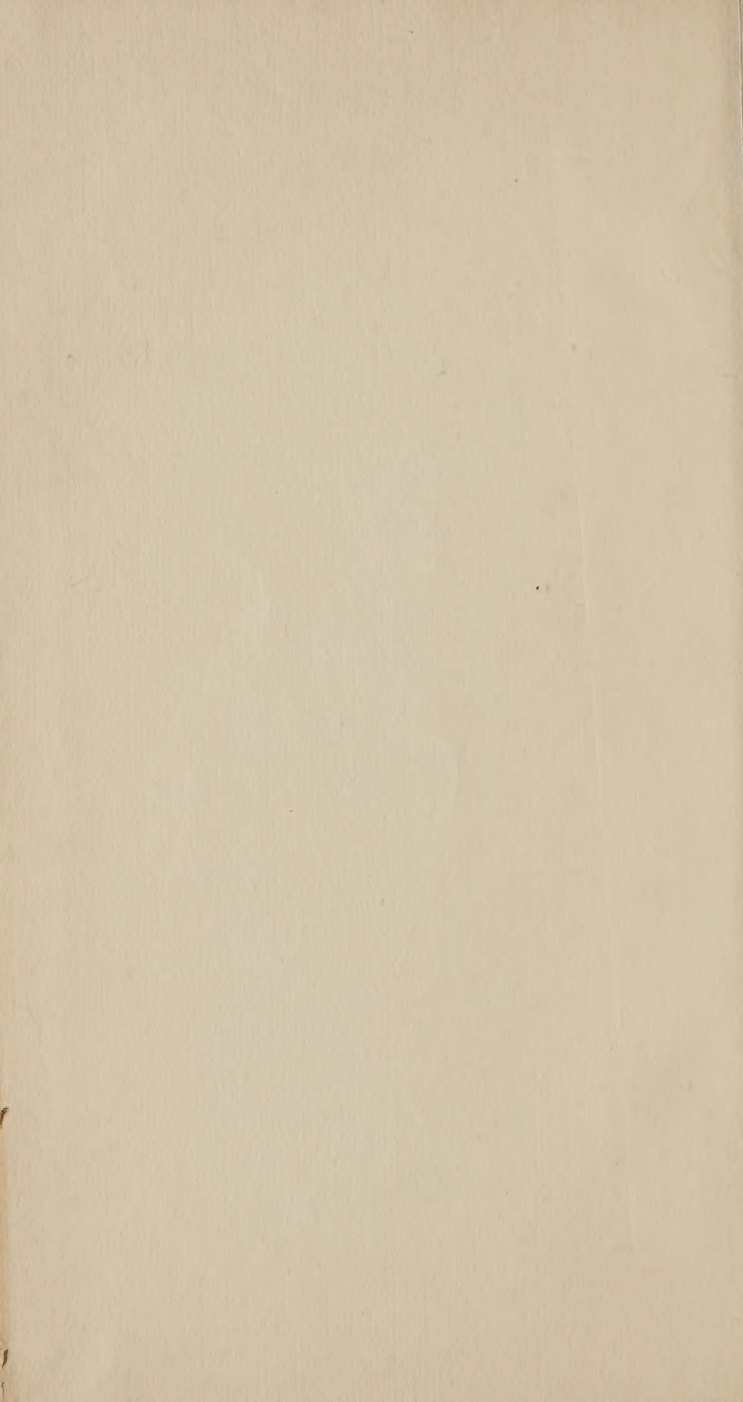
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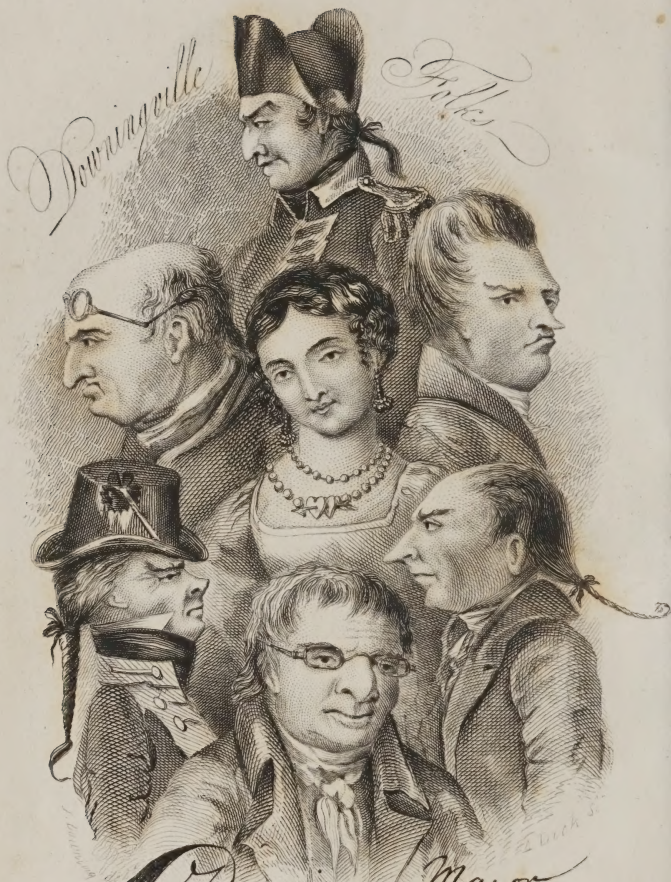


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Downing - Mayor
Downingville Militia
2^d Brigade
(A Fac-Simile)



Downing - Mayor
Downingville Militia
2^d Brigade
(A Fac-Simile)

MAJOR DOWNING'S
LETTERS.



(Fac-Simile.)

Andrew Jackson

(as seen through the "glorification" Spectacles.)

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.



Political Portrait of Major Downing.

LETTERS

OF

J. DOWNING,

MAJOR,

DOWNINGVILLE MILITIA,

SECOND BRIGADE,

TO

HIS OLD FRIEND,

MR. DWIGHT,

OF

The New-York Daily Advertiser.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1834.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1834,
By HARPER & BROTHERS,
In the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

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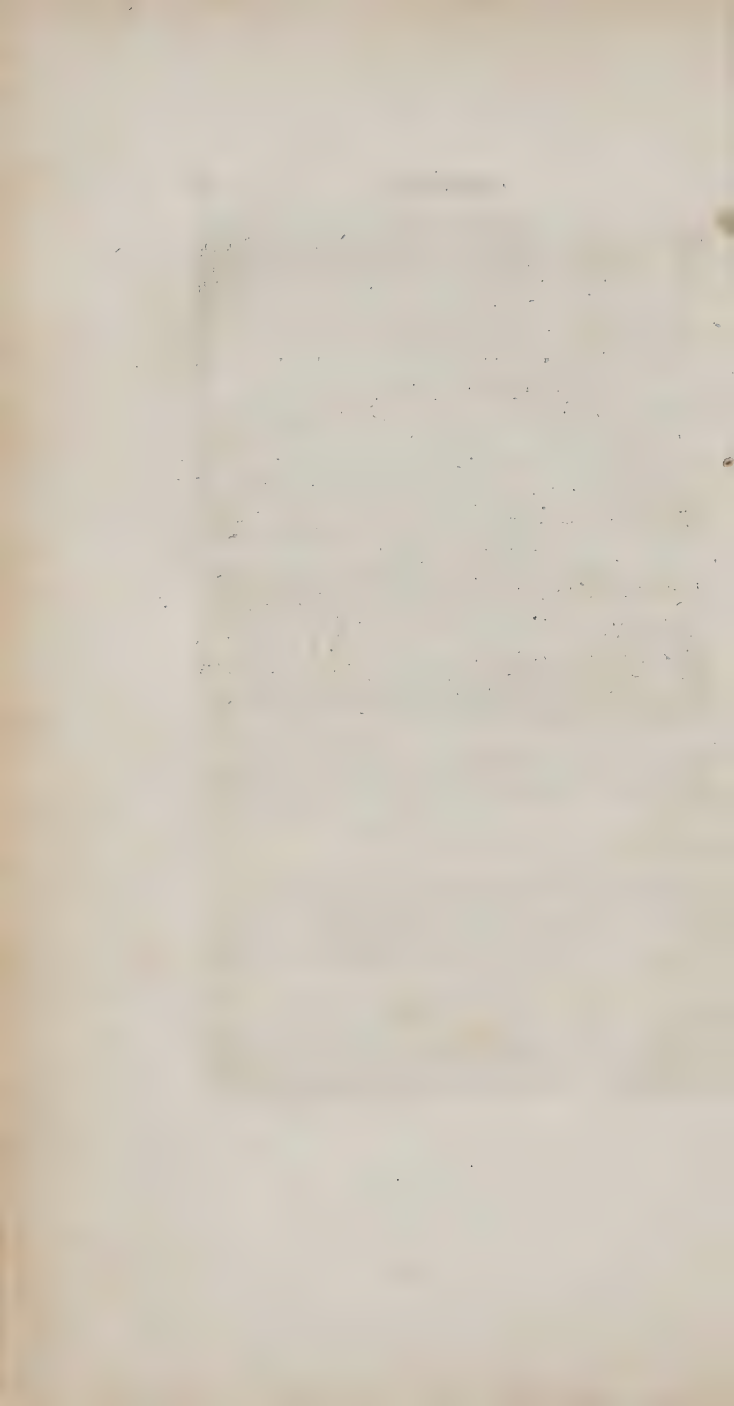
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INTRODUCTION.

*Genuine Original Letter of Major Downing, about
this Genuine Book.*

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser. 3

Washington, 1st Jan., 1834.

I JEST got a letter from Zekel Bigelow, tellin me that a good many folks want to git all the letters I writ to you printed in a book, for there's a good many kounterfits goin about, and this is the ony way to put a cross on 'em. I had a kinder notion the kounterfitters would git to work, and that's the reason why I always stuck to your paper—for I was afeard, as I said once afore in one of my letters to you, that I should git stump'd sometimes myself with some of them kounterfits, jest as my old friend Captain Jumper, of the Two Pollies, and President of the Downingville Bank, was a spell ago, when they brought him a bill on

his Bank to examin. It was so slick a koun-terfit the Captain couldn't tell himself: but he is one of them kind of folks that never says nothin to *commit* himself; so says he, 'Now it looks like a koun-terfit, and now agin it don't; and so upon the hull I should say it's about midlin.'

Zekel says that Mr. Harper & Brothers in New-York are master hands at printin books, and they can turn 'em out there nigh upon as fast as Peleg Bissel can wooden clocks.

There ain't no use in printin all the letters I writ to you afore I started with the Gineral on the Grand Tower; for I writ to so many folks afore that time, that I can't tell the gini-wine from the koun-terfits. But you best begin where I tell'd you I warn't drownded, and then keep on, and let Zekel look over with you and correct the spellin, for he is a master hand at that—and he is a real Jackson man, too; and I don't want nothin printed in that book unless Zekel and you look well into it, and see there is no mistake.

I ony wish I had gone to school a leetle more when I was a boy—if I had, my letters now would make folks crawl all over: but if I had been to school all my lifetime, I know I

never could be able to write more honestly than I have. I am sometimes puzzled most plaguily to git words to tell jest exactly what I think, and what I know ; and when I git 'em, I don't know exactly how to spell 'em—but so long as I git the sound, I'll let other folks git the sense on't—pretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China—he call'd her the '*Asha*.' Now there is sich a thing as folks knowin too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who '*Asha*' was ; and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in *Asha*.' 'Oh ! ah !' says the larned folks, 'we see now—but that ain't the way to spell it.' 'What,' says he, 'if *A-s-h-a* don't spell *Asha*, what on earth does it spell ?' And that stump'd 'em.

Now that's pretty much all I've got to say about my spellin—if folks ain't too larned when they read my letters, they'll git along pretty well ; but if they keep thinkin of Latin and grammar all the while, they'll be stump'd pretty often. When they read my letters, I want them, if they don't know me, jest to keep an eye on my likeness in the book, and all the while to keep thinkin that I am a good-natur'd

honest critter as ever marched at the head of a brigade of militia.

As soon as the book is printed, I want you to send a copy on't to the Ginerl : he keeps all my letters in the newspapers, but he would like amazingly to have 'em in a book.

I and the Ginerl have been lookin over the laws about frankin, and we come to the notion that as all my letters are on public business, any of our Congressmen can frank 'em as public documents. So if you can git a good lot on 'em here afore Congress goes hum, they will frank 'em all over the country.

If in any of my letters to you I handle any folks without mittins who don't deserve it, it is because I find 'em in bad company.

Zekel Bigelow wants me to write a Preface to the book, and to say somethin about my life ; but it's no use : folks know more about me already than I ever tell'd 'em, and some know a leetle more than I do myself. The Ginerl says, and I say so too, that it don't amount to nothin to tell *when* and *where* a man was born, so much as to know how he lives, and how, and when, and where he is goin to die—that's a plaguy deal more important. I am as true an American, evry inch on me, as ever

went barefoot till I could earn mony enuff, by my own labour, beyend payin for schoolin, to buy me a pair of shoes : and there ain't a critter in the country I would willingly singe if I didn't think he deserv'd it ; and when I find sich kind of folks in office, I want to sarve 'em as Captain Jumper sarves rats in the Two Pollies—smoke 'em out. As long as I live I mean to do all the good I can ; and if folks will only keep an eye to what I tell 'em, things will go strait enuff to rights : but that won't be till the people agree to vote for no man to any office unless he has got a good character, and is capable to do all the duties honestly and well, and according to law—but if the people put scamps in office, jest because they are party-men, things will go on worse and worse, and there won't be no laws but jest such laws as will keep these very scamps in their offices ; and so, instead of havin laws to protect us agin scamps, we'll have scamps to make laws for us ; and that's jest turnin things the rong eend first. We have got good laws now—and all that is wantin to keep 'em so, is for the people to see that none but the good, and the wise, and the honest git into office to execute the laws : and if by any acci-

dent a sly chap slips in, we must keep a sharp eye on him, and as soon as he goes crooked, smoke him out.

Now this is pretty much all I've got to say about the book; and as to the Preface to it, don't forget my face, and the General's face; and let the likenesses be good and natural.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

It may perhaps be expected that we shall give some account of our intercourse with our friend Major Downing, previously to the date of the first letter in the following series; but not foreseeing what was likely to grow out of it, we were not careful to preserve any of his Communications, before the commencement of what he emphatically calls "*The Grand Tower*."

The Major did not, on his arrival here with "*the General*," call on us as he had promised; and, as we naturally supposed he was mixed up with great folks, above our calibre, we did not call on him. We candidly confess, that not esteeming, as perhaps we ought to have done, the company he was in, we were a little inclined to avoid unnecessary familiarity with him.

After the "*Grand Tower*" left us, and had pro-

ceeded Eastward, a "Coroner's Inquest" was handed us for publication; and it was with an odd mixture of regret and pleasure we saw that a body had been picked up in the Bay, which, from the description, was supposed to be that of the Major—"drowned at the bridge at Castle Garden;" and it was published by us.

This article no sooner met the Major's eye, than he sent us the letter which commences this volume, and which we published immediately after its receipt. It gave such evidence of there being something in "*the critter*," that the whole town came to us for a printed copy of it, and the papers throughout the country gave it an insertion. The Major saw, no doubt, that he had at last hit the nail on the head; and he continued writing to us, and we as often published his letters. His fame soon rose to an elevated station: and from his letters *exclusively* to this paper, he owes his exalted reputation; as his Letter No. XVII. in this volume fully acknowledges.

In offering this volume to the public, we are perfectly aware that much of its contents has already been read by the community at large, in the public papers. That these letters have experienced a degree of popularity, of which no other fugitive production of our country can boast, is well known to every person who has had an opportunity to see the newspapers in various parts of the Union. That they discover genius and talents of an original and distinguished character, will be admitted by every competent judge. The plan of them is new, the satire

keen but good-natured, and the humour irresistibly ludicrous. And when it is considered that all the articles which have appeared in the New-York Daily Advertiser, under the signature of "J. DOWNING, MAJOR, OF DOWNINGVILLE MILITIA, 2D BRIGADE," and are republished in this volume, are *the work of one hand*, the fact will afford conclusive evidence of the truth of the remark just made respecting the author's genius and talents.

THEODORE DWIGHT,

Editor of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser,
and the Friend of Major Downing.

New-York, January, 1834.

ZEKEL BIGELOW'S CERTIFICATE.

This is to sartify, that I have, accordin to the direction of my friend Major Downing, carefully examined and corrected the spellin of all the Letters published in this Book and written by him. I find them to be the rale genuine Letters from him to his friend Mr. Dwight. The originals in his own handwritin have been all shown to me by Mr. Dwight, and there cant be no mistake, as I know Major Downing's handwritin as well as I do my own; and as a proof on't, I got the Gravers to copy one of his Signatures, which may be found at the bottom of the Picture of the "*Downingville folks*," and it is as much like the original handwritin of Major Downing, as old John Hancock's is of hisen to the Declaration of Independence.

And then, too, as to the likenesses of the Downingville folks, they are all as true as natur.

The Major is on top, and is in his cock'd hat and regimentals, jist as he looks a training days. The next head under his nose is old Joshua Downing; the next below Uncle Joshua is Sargent Joel; and facin the Sargent is my own likeness, with the likeness of Deacon Willoby betwixt us. Right above my own likeness is Peleg Bissel's; and in the middle

of the hull on 'em is the Deacon's darter. I thought I best put her as nigh her father and the Major as I could—and I know it will tickle the Major most desperately; for he has had a sneakin notion arter her ever since we had a raisin at Downingville of the Deacon's fullin-mill; but the Deacon never would give his consent on 'count of the Major's military notions; but now that the Major has got up in the world, the Deacon don't talk so much agin the Major, but has ben heard to say, if he was sartin the Gineral and the Major would hold together a spell, he wouldn't stand agin his darter's goin and joinin the Goverment. So there is no tellin yet what will come on't. That's the talk at Downingville, but I don't know nothin sartin about it myself; but I thought it was right to tell all I know, on 'count of other women folks, who may be curious to know consarnin sich matters.

As the Major has said a good deal about me in his Letters, there ain't much use of my sayin much on that score. I left Downingville shortly arter the grand tower finished there, and sold off my packin-yard and moved to this city. I was pretty sartin, as things was going, there was about to be a shower of good things among some folks, and that Wall-street was jest the place to run my net; and considerin that it has ben pretty tuff times with a good many, I hain't got much to complain on, seein that I ain't oblig'd to ride home in an omnibus, or go on foot nother, every day to dinner; but can go in my own carriage, which comes down for me jist arter bank hours. I considered a considerable spell afore

I made up my mind what to do when I got to New-York. I found a good many societies here, but only one on 'em seem'd to meet my notions—or, rather, I could only find one in which I thought I could do more good than in any other, and that was “*The Society for the Relief of distressed Merchants;*” and so I join'd that jest in the very nick of time—for I have ben as busy ever since I join'd it as ever I was in sortin and packin mackerel when our fishermen got home.

I thought I would jest mention this whilst my hand was in, to let folks know where I be, who may want assistance from this Society. I don't like to underrate nobody, but I can say, if any one needs assistance in my line, if they don't say arter gettin it of me, that they have *got it* a leetle the slickest, then my name ain't

ZEKEL BIGELOW,
Broker and Banker,
Wall-street, New-York.



Landing at the Battery.—p. 13.

LETTERS
OF
MAJOR J. DOWNING.

LETTER I.

FROM THE NEW-YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.

[We are happy to learn that the announcement of the supposed death by drowning, which appeared in this paper a few days ago, was a mistake, and that the distinguished individual, Major Downing, is sound and well, down East. We have strong hopes of hearing frequently from him, touching his and the President's tour.—*Eds.*]

Boston, 25th June, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,—I have seen in your paper a 'Crownier's Inquest,' saying I was drowned at the bridge at Castle Garden, and picked up down in York Bay. This is a tarnal lie and I wish you to say so; I did not so much as get my feet wet when the bridge fell, though it was a close shave, I tell you. I was riding right alongside the Ginerel,—if any thing, a little ahead on him. But this aint the only thumper I've heard about that scrape.

R

I have heard it said, that Mr. Van Buren had sawed the string-pieces under the bridge (anybody may guess for what); but that can't be so, for he was right behind the Gineral when the bridge fell, and all the folks were floundering in the mud and water. I thought he was gone, too, for he was right in the thickest on 'em. I and the Gineral clapt in the spurs, and we went quick enough through the crowd on the Battery; and the first thing I saw was Mr. Van Buren hanging on the tail of the Gineral's horse, and streaming out behind as straight as old Deacon Willoby's cue, when he is a little too late to meetin. Some of the folks said it look'd like the 'Flying Dutchman,' and some said something about 'Tam O'Shanter; but never mind, we snaked him out of that scrape as slick as a whistle. I don't believe any one was drowned; but some did get a mortal ducking. I never see such a mess: they went in there like frogs—and such an eternal mixing—colonels, and captains, and niggers, and governors, and sailors, and all: it made no odds which went first, or what end was uppermost. And when we got up to the tavern, where we put up over night, I and the Gineral had a real laugh

to see all our folks coming in one arter another. Gov. Cass had a bandanna tied round his head,—‘What,’ says I, ‘Governor, are you hurt?’ ‘Not as I knows on,’ says he; ‘but I lost my wig.’ And sure enough, come to take off the handkercher, his wig was gone. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Governor, you’ve got the whole Indian tribes in your department, and it is a hard case if you can’t get a scalp to suit you.’ And the Ginerall snorted right out at this. And then come Gov. Massy; and he had his pantaloons rip’d from the waist band clean down to the knee. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘this beats all natur; it will cost more than fifty cents to mend them.’ ‘Never mind, Massy,’ says the Ginerall, ‘if you can’t get them are pantaloons mended, the State’ll give you a new pair.’ And then we all snorted and sniker’d, I tell you.

I suppose it won’t amount to nothing to tell you what we did in York; for it seems to me every living cretur was there. I never see such a crowd in all creation; and it has been just so all the while up to this hour.

I’ve got the rumatiz now all over me—I ha’nt had my hat on for nearly three weeks.

As soon as we go out, I take one side and the General t'other, and once in a while we change sides, and keep it up, bowing right and left. I like that better than shakin hands, for I can stand it now, and with one swing bow over five thousand folks at once, and we can't shake off half that number before breakfast.

Mr. Van Buren gets along pretty well here among the Yankees, considering ; but he has got his hands full, I tell you. 'They don't hurra here quite as much as they do down south, but kinder like to talk over things, you know, and we've got plaguey little time for that. 'Major,' says Mr. Van Buren, one day, 'I wish you would do all the talkin with these manufactory folks—you have a nack that way.' 'Well,' says I, 'I don't know but I have, but,' says I, 'Mr. Van Buren, I guess you can talk as glib as most folks.' So he can: for I do raly believe, if Mr. Van Buren was to set up a factory, he would turn out cloth that would suit any kind of living cretur, and no one could tell whether it was made of cotton or flax, hemp or wool—twilled, or plain-striped, or checker'd—but little of all on 'em. I never see such a curious cretur as he is—evry body likes him, and he likes evry

body ; and he is just like evry body ; and yet, in all the droves of folks I've seen since I left Washington, I never saw any body like Mr. Van Buren. Enos Lyman got a painter to try and get a likeness of Mr. Van Buren, for his sign-board to the tavern, on the road to Tanton. ' Well, now,' says I, ' just put up your brushes ; you may just as well try to paint a flash of heat-lightning in dog-days.' But he tried it, and the sign-board looks about as much like Mr. Van Buren as a salt cod-fish looks like a pocket handkercher.

We start to-morrow morning down east, and I sha'nt be able to write another word till arter we have been to Downingville. I'm going on ahead to lend Sergeant Joel a hand to get things to rights there ; and if you don't hear of cracking work down there, that will make 'em stare, I'm mistaken. The Ginerall is amazingly tickled with the Yankees ; and the more he sees on 'em, the better he likes 'em. ' No nullification here, Major,' says he. ' No,' says I, ' Ginerall : Mr. Calhoun would stand no more chance down east here, than a stump'd-tail bull in fly time.'

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the New-York Daily Advertiser.

Downingville, 29th June, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—This is going to be rather a lengthy letter. We've had real times. I begun to feel pretty streaked for our folks when I see what was done on Boston Common, and over there to little Cambridge. I told you I was going on here to get things to rights; and when I got here, I found 'em in a terrible taken about that crowner's lie down in York Bay. There was nothin at all goin on.

I went full drive down to the meetin-house, and got hold of the rope, and pull'd away like smoke, and made the old bell turn clean over. The folks come up thick enough then to see what was to pay, and filled the old tabernacle chock full, and there was more outside than you could count. 'Now,' says I, 'I spose you think there's going to be preaching here to-day, but that is not the business. The Gine'ral is comin.' That was enough—'Now,' says I, 'be spry. I tell'd the Gine'ral last

winter he'd see nothing till he got down here, and if we don't make him stare then there's no snakes. Where's Captain Finny?' says I. 'Here I be,' says he; and there he was, sure enough: the crittur had just come out of his bush-pasture, and had his bush-hook with him. Says I, 'Captain Finny, you are to be the marshal of the day.' Upon that he jumps right on eend. 'Now,' says I, 'where is Seth Sprague, the schoolmaster?' 'Here I be,' says he; and there he stood with his pitch-pipe up in the gallery, just as if I was going to give out the salm for him. 'You just pocket your pitch-pipe,' says I, 'Seth, and brush up your larnin, for we have pitched on you to write the address.'—'Why, Major,' says Zekiel Bigelow, 'I thought I was to do that, and I've got one already.' 'But,' says I, 'you don't know nothing about Latin; the Ginerall can't stomach any thing now without its got Latin in it, ever since they made a Doctor on him down there to Cambridge t'other day; but howsever,' says I, 'you shall give the address after all, only just let Seth stick a little Hog-latin into it here and there. And now,' says I, 'all on you be spry, and don't stop stirrin till the pudden's done.'

Then they begun to hunt for hats, and down the gallery-stairs they went. And if there'd been forty thanksgivens and independence days comin in a string, I don't believe there could be more racket than there was in Downingville that afternoon and night.

By ten o'clock next morning all was ready. I had 'em all stationed, and I went out and come back three or four times across the brook by the potash, to try 'em. I got a white hat on, and shag-bark stick, put some flour on my head, and got on to my sorrel horse, and looked just as much like the old gentleman as I could. Arter tryin them two or three times, I got 'em all as limber as a with, and the last time I tried 'em, you've no idee, it went off just as slick as ile.

'Now,' says I, 'tenshon the hull! Stand at ease till you see me agin;' and then I streaked it down to old Miss Crane's tavern, about two miles off, and waited till the Gine-ral come along; and afore I had mixed a second glass of switchel up they came, and the Gine-ral looked as chirk and lively as a skipper.

'Now,' says I, 'Gine-ral, we are going right into Downingville, and no man here is to give

any orders but myself,' and I said this loud enough for Mr. Van Buren and Governor Woodbury and all on 'em to hear me, and they were all as hush arter that as cows in a clover-lot. Then we all mounted, and on we went—I and the Ginerl a leetle a-head on 'em. And when we crossed the brook, says I, 'don't be afeard of the string-pieces here, Ginerl—we aint in York now.' 'I'll follow you, Major,' says he, 'through thick and thin—I feel safe here.'

Jest as we got on the nole on tother side the brook, we come in sight of Downingville. The Ginerl riz right up in his stirrups, and pointed with his hickory, and says he, 'Major, that's Downingville.' Says I, 'that's true enuf, and I should like to hear any one say it aint,' says I—'for the sight on't makes me crawl all over, and whenever I hear any one say one word agin it, I feel as tho' I could take him, as I have done streaked snakes, by the tail, and snap his head off.' 'Why,' says the Ginerl, 'I knew that was Downingville as soon as my eye caught a glimpse on't. I'd go,' says he, 'Major, east of sunrise any day to see sich a place.' The Ginerl was tickled to pieces, and I thought I should go myself

right through my shirt-collar—for, you see, the Ginerol never see sich a sight afore.

Seth Sprague had put the children all on the school-house—you couldn't see an atom of the roof—with green boughs, and singing a set piece he had made ; and when I and the Ginerol passed by they made it all ring agin, I tell you ; whether it was his facing the sun or what, but he looked as if he was e'eny jist a going to cry (for he is a mazin tender-hearted crittur). Jist then Sargent Joel, who had charge of the field-piece in front of the meetin-hous, touched her off ; and didn't she speak ! This composed the Ginerol in a minute—says he, ' Major, I shouldn't want nothing better than a dozen of them guns to change the boundry-line along here jest to suit you—but look, Major, what on earth has got into Mr. Van Buren's horse ?' Sure enough, Sargent Joel had put in a leetle too much waddin, if any thing, and Enoch Bissel, as sly as a weasel, slipped in a swad of grass, that hit Mr. Van Buren's horse, and set him capering till he kinder flung him. I was as wrathy as murder ; says I, ' where is he ?' and I arter him full split—he was clippin it across the orchard, so that you might put an egg on his



coat-flap, and it wouldn't role off. I streaked it round the corner of the stone-fence to head him—but afore I got to him he ketched Mr. Van Buren's horse, and was clearing out of the county—and afore this he is slick enough in the Province.

They tell different stories about it, but Deacon Willoby saw the hull on it, and he says Mr. Van Buren hung on like a lamper-eel, till he was kinder jerked up like a trounced toad, and he came down on the horse's rump jist as he kicked up behind, and that sent him clean over the fence into the Deacon's potato-patch. He turned over so fast in the air you could not tell one end from tother ; but his feet struck first, and he stood there, the Deacon says, and made as handsome a bow to the folks as if nothing on earth had happened to him.

The review of Captain Finny's company did take the shine off them are Boston and Salem sogers, I tell you ; but they was all so keen arter the Ginerall that all I and Captain Finny could do, we couldn't keep the line strait ; and they all got into such a snarl, that you might as well try to straiten a sheep's wool.

The bell was ringing all the while ; two

people was up there with stone hammers poundin on her, caze Uncle Josh had gone and took the bell-rope, and tied one eend on't to the steeple, and carried the tother eend over to the Deacon's chimbly, more than twelve rods off; and every inch on't was hung full of flags, and where there wa'n't no flags, he had got all the cloth out of the fullin-mill; and the gals and Downingville boys had gin all their handkerchers, and gowns, and flannel shirts, and it was so high up, and the wind kinder shook 'em all together so you couldn't tell a checked shirt from an old Continental. The Ginerál was tickled half to death; says he, 'Major, that looks about right.' 'It does so,' says I; 'Ginerál, if that ain't union, I don't know.' He's as keen as a brier to catch any thing cunnin; he don't care where he is, he snorts right out.

As soon as we got down to the meetin-house door, Zekil Bigelow gin the address; it was stuck full of Latin words here and there, like burs in a stray sheep's fleece. Zekil is a knowin cretur: he keeps a packin-yard, and salts down more fish than any man in three counties round: he don't know so much about Latin as some folks, but he did get along with

his address most curious. He thank'd the Gineral for comin to Downingville in the first place, and then he thank'd him for his proclamation, and for presarvin the Union, and threw in the salt, and the nitre, and pickle, and when he come to talk of the nullifiers, he cut and shaved, and made the scales fly, I tell you. Every hair on the Gineral's head stood strait on eend. And there stood that cretur Zekiel right afore him, talking like a book, and his head was as smooth, and every hair on it slicked down with a dipped candle; and that are kew of his wo'd tell the folks behind which way his eye turned jest as well as though they was lookin strait in his face—caze it kinder lodged on his collar, and every time he looked up, it would stand still a minet, and point right strait up in the air.

Then cum the Gineral's turn,—his heart was so full, he could but jest speak, and I was jist agoin to begin for him, when out he came :—

'My friends,' says he, 'though I tell'd 'em down south my father was an Irishman, and my mother, too, I am as clear a Yankee (and he turned, and lookin round him, slap'd his hand on my shoulder), as the Major himself,'

says he, 'and he knows it.' 'So I do,' says I, 'Gineral, I tell'd 'em all so often enough.' 'I will presarve the Union, I'll be hang'd and choak'd to death if I don't; and when I want pickle I know where to find it. I am glad to hear you say that salt petre once in a while is good—I always thought so—and if the Constitution spiles in my hands for the want of it, I wont stand another election.' Here the Gineral was goin to stop, but, says I, in his ear, 'You must give 'em a little Latin, Doctor.' Here he off hat agin—'E pluribus unum,' says he, 'my friends; sine qua non.' 'That'll do, Gineral,' says I; and then we turn'd to, and shook all the folks round till dinner time, and then we made the bake beans and salt pork fly, and the cider too, I tell you. The folks hadn't eat nothin since I got on to the ground. Arter dinner I tell'd the Gineral about that are blasted rascal, Enoch Bissel, who tucked in the grass waddin. 'That's the same fellow,' says I, 'Major Barry turn'd out of the Post Office. I knew he was a scamp, and if he wasn't *then*, he is *now*.' 'Why, Major,' says the Gineral, 'it was jest so with that infernal rascal Randolph; if he didn't desarve what I gin him *afore* he

attacked me, he sartinly did afterwards, and where's the odds?' 'Plaguey little,' says I, 'Gineral.'

To-night we're goin to a quilting at Uncle Josh's. Miss Willoby, the Deacon's eldest darter, is sprucin up for it. She is rather too old to be handsome, but she is a keen cretur. The Gineral and Mr. Van Buren both talk about her considerable. If the Gineral don't keep a sharp look out, Mr. Van Buren will go clean ahead on him on that tack; for he is the *per-litest* cretur amongst the women you ever see. The Gineral says he must have some of our Yankee gals in the cabinet next winter, and I kinder have a notion there will be some hitchin teems doune hereabouts afore we quit.

We shall go strait from here to *Saratogue*, and wash inside and out there. I expect we shall all need washin afore we get there.

This is the longest letter I ever writ in all my life, but I'm to hum now. It would cost you a good many of your odd ninepenses, I guess, to pay the postage, if it want for the President—he franks all my letters—and that aint what he does for most folks.

I may tell you about the quiltin frolic to-night, in my next, but I wont promise ; for I have jest as much as I can do here, to do all the chores for the Ginerall, and write near about fifty letters a day for him.

Yours to sarve,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.



The Dance at Downingville. — p. 29.

LETTER III.

Cause of the sudden termination of the President's Eastern Tour—Dance at Downingville—Trying on the Ginerall's coat.

*On my way from Saratogue to Washington.
Part land, part water—but all steam.*

July 14, 1833. }

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I wrote to you from Downingville that plaguy long letter, I ha'n't writ one letter, except for the President; so all the accounts you have seen since are a pack of lies. I thought I would wait to see what they would say about the Ginerall's goin hum so sudden, and the cause on't, before I tell'd you all about it. Now this is the hull on't—You remember I tell'd you we were all goin that night to a quiltin at Uncle Josh's; well, we did go, and we had a great time on't, you may depend. But it endid in trouble, and split all our folks up into kindlin-wood. Arter the quiltin, they cleared away the kiver-lids and knock'd up a dance. The Ginerall led off the old Deacon's darter, and afore he got half down he began to smoke; so he off coat, and at it agin, and went clean through.

I kept my eye on Mr. Van Buren, who was not dancing then, but was ready to cut in in case the Ginerall giv out. As soon as this dance was over, he sliped round and wispered somethin to the fidler, and then told the folks he'd like to show 'em a new dance. Cass, and Woodberry, and all on us run off to git partners, and all made for the Deacon's darter, for she was as spruce and as fine as a fiddle, but she was *engaged to Mr. Van Buren*. That crittur, it seems, had secured her for the second dance, whilst we were all at dinner talking politics.

We had all been drinkin putty considerable of switchel, and cider, and egg-pop, with a little New England in it, and felt good-natur'd and wrathly jest as it turned up, and come plaguy nigh havin a fight right off—for I didn't kinder like that move of Mr. Van Buren's. However, I thought I wouldn't spile sport, seein I was to hum, and they all strangers: the Ginerall tell'd me to let him alone, and he'd put things to rights: sure enuf, he work'd round, and put all the folks in a ring, so there warn't no top nor no bottom, they were all kinder head and kinder tail. 'Now,' says he, 'I'll call the figers,'—and the fiddle began—and such a caperen you never see. 'First

dance to your partners,' says he; and at it they went, he all the while figerin in the middle with the Deacon's darter. After shufflin away at this, the tune changed, and he called out,—'Change partners, and shuffle the next;' and so they chang'd, and shuffled and changed, one arter another, till each one danced clean round the ring. 'Now,' says he, 'all hands round—turn partners half round—cross over with a swing—back agin—right and left—riggledown and shuffle:' and you never see sich a snarl—there warn't one on 'em had the partner he started with. Unkle Josh, who led off old Miss Sprague, Seth's mother, had got Zekil Bigelow's youngest darter; Sargent Joel was dancing with the Deacon; and Cass and Woodberry stood back to back shufflin to nobody; and there was that crittur Mr. Van Buren, with the Deacon's darter, shavin it down, right along side the fidler, clean up head, and just then he twitch'd the bow out of the fidler's hand, and gin it a draw over a candle, and that put a stop to the music for that night. 'The Ginerall snorted: says he, 'Major, I tell'd you he'd put things strait—'tis just so in my Cabinet—he's a master crittur to put things to rights

there; and when we all got in that plaguy snarl there, he cut and shuffled them up, and afore we could say Jack Robinson, all the troublesome fellers were shuffled out.' 'He's a master hand at it,' says I, 'sure enuff.' As there was an eend of the dance, all the galls off shoes and stockins, and went hum, caze it was kinder muddy; and we all went to the tavern, and the Ginerall went to bed. We all then began to plan for the next day, but some of the folks was plaguy crusty. Seth Sprague wanted to show his school-house; Zekil Bigelow wanted all on us to go to his packin-yard; and the Deacon said he would like to show us his fullin-mill, and give a kinder thanksgivin; but nothin seemed to go right. We concluded to call the Ginerall, and so I went in, but he was so sound asleep I thought it wouldn't do to wake him; so, for a kinder sport, I brought out his hat, and coat, and hickory. 'Now,' says I, 'this is all I can get of the Ginerall to-night, and we'll all try on, and whoever they fit best, shall decide what's to be done;' and we put Zekil in the chair as moderator. Woodberry was just goin to take off his coat, when Zekil, and nigh upon all on 'em, said he carried a leetle to much blubber,



Mr. Van Buren trying on the General's Coat.—p. 33.

and he stood aside and didn't try at all. Cass off coat and put on the Ginerel's, and it fitted him to a hair; but the Ginerel's hat was a *leetle* too small for him. Mr. Van Buren's turn came next: as soon as he put on the coat, he riz on his toes; but it would not do; it kivered him to his heels, and the hat fell on his shoulders, and you couldn't see nothin on earth of him. 'How does that look, Zekil?' says he. 'Why,' says Zekil, 'it looks plaguy curious.' 'Is the coat too long, or am I too short?' says Mr. Van Buren. 'Well, I don't know exactly which,' says Zekil, 'I'll think on't to rights.' 'That's right, Zekil,' says I, 'don't commit yourself;' and then they all kinder snickered; and the laugh went agin Mr. Van Buren. 'Now, my friends,' says Mr. Van Buren, 'one word, and I'm done—it is not, and never has been, and never will be my wish to fit the coat and hat *exactly*; but I think that whoever wears either should be least seen.' 'Well,' says Zekil, 'that's my notion too;' and that kinder turned the laugh tother way.

Then cum my turn; but I see how the cat jump'd, 'so,' says I, 'I'll jest step out and rig in another room:' and I went strait to the

Gineral, and woke him up, and tell'd him all about it—he was as wrathful as thunder—and when he gets his dander up, it's no joke, I tell you. So in he went. 'Well,' says Zekil, 'if I hadn't seen the Major look jest so this mornin, I'd swear that was the Gineral himself.' The Gineral then gin 'em all a hard look, and said somthin, but a plaguy leetle softer; and the cat was out of the bag—and then cum trouble. 'What,' says he, 'all on ye Presidents, hey! who has been trying on my coat?' They were all as mum as a Quaker meetin. 'I'll start by daylight,' says he, 'for Washington.'—'Major,' says he, 'do you go by the way you have plann'd, and tell the folks that I can't cum; for may I be eternally'—'That will do,' says I, 'Gineral.' And with that he gin 'em all a real hard look, and went to bed. The next mornin, sure enuf, he was off, Mr. Van Buren and some others with him. Cass hung back: and I streaked it round through New-Hampshire, cut across the edge of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont, and into York State, and smack up to Saratogue. 'Twas well I did so, for the folks were all waitin. I tell'd 'em all jest one story, for it was no use to tell

any other, for the rail-road and steamboats go so plaguy fast, afore I was done telling the folks in one town I was in another; and how on earth Mr. Van Buren manages it, or could expect me to tell the masons one story, and the anti-masons another, I can't tell.

Finding, when I got to Saratogue, all the flashy folks was at Congress Hall, I put up there too; and it's close alongside the spring. Mr. Wescot was right glad to see me, and I had a real time there for a week. There was a swod of fine folks, and dreadful handsome galls; and the house was nigh upon chuck full. They all wanted to know about the Ginerall, and I tell'd 'em pretty considerable about it, and that we was all on our own hook, now, pretty much. And I don't see but what I stand about as good a chance to be President as any on 'em. I met a man from Georgia there, 6 feet 9 inches high; a real good fellow. Most all these southern folks are good fellows, if you don't say nothin about the 'Tariff, nor freein the niggers; but they talk pretty big—I know how to manage them, the Ginerall tell'd me a secret about that—says he 'Major, when they say they can hit a dollar, tell 'em you can hit a fourpence happenny.' This

Georgian and I had a good many talks about politics, but we both thought alike, and didn't quarrel about that; and he tell'd me Georgia would go for me, arter the Ginerel, as soon as any north of mason and dickson. Says he, 'Can you shoot a rifle, Major?' 'Pretty considerable,' says I. 'I can hit a chip in the air,' says he, '5 times out of 6 shots.' Says I, 'Well, I can beat that, I guess, for I can hit one 7 times in 4 shots.' 'Well,' says he, 'that's enuf, we won't waste powder, and I knock under.' Says he, 'Major, I reckon I can drink more Saratogue water than you.' 'I'll bet a York shillin of that,' says I. 'Done,' says he—and we stak'd the money. Says he, 'Mr. Wescot, give me a pitcher,'—and down he went to the spring. This kinder made the folks think I was swamp'd. But I went round to Patten's stable, and got a bucket, and down I went to the spring; and as soon as he saw me, he smashed his pitcher in a minet. Says he 'Major, I knock under.'

I swash'd her round there, at Saratogue, for a week, I tell you. I drank nigh upon 5 buckets every morning; and I am as clear now as a whistle. I am only sorry I didn't bring Seth Sprague along with me, with his

pitch-pipe, jist to take the shine off of them 'ere singers at Mr. Wescot's house ; he'd beat ary one on 'em.

I got a letter from the Ginerall yesterday, telling me to cum on to Washington as soon as steem can bring me ; and I'm goin there like a streek of chain-lightning. I'm afeard there's more trouble there. That new dance at Uncle Josh's, and trying on the Ginerall's coat and hat among 'em, has kinder knock'd noses ; and I and the Ginerall will have our hands full to get things to rights, and rig up a new message for the next Congress.

I remain etarnally yours,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

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LETTER IV.

Appointment of the Major to visit the Banks—the two Pollies.

To my Old Friend.

Washington, July 24, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—The last letter I wrote to you was on my way from Saratogue to Washington. I got safe to the White House about midnight, and the only crittur awake there was Mr. Van Buren, who I found pretty busy writing letters about a Convention he is arter. He was dreadful glad to see me, for he said the President didn't want him to leave before I cum. He wanted to be off north himself. He said the President was also getting a little shaky about the Bank, jist because he found, when he got to Washington, some of our folks had taken in change some counterfeit 'Safety Fund' bills, and also other small bills that won't go—'why, darn it,' says I, 'Mr Van Buren, I am glad to hear that, case I've got

some real shaves myself in that way, and I was plaguy fraid I was the only one ;' and so I out with my seal-skin wallet, and I showed him a mess on 'em. There was Green County—Columby—Middle District—Belchertown—Wiscasset—Monmouth—Tombugby—Franklin—Winthrop—Greenburgh—Hallowell—Passamaquoddy—and the plague knows what-all ; and some on 'em had Mr. Van Buren's head on one eend. 'Now,' says I, 'who is to stand this racket ? for I won't, caze you told us all afore we started on this frolic not to have nothing to do with 'Biddle's Bills,'—so I'll jist hand them over to the Tréasury Department, and let 'em go with that mess of 'State Bank Paper' already there—it won't make a mighty difference, and we need not bother the Ginerál about it.'

The next morning I saw the Ginerál, and we had a real shaking. He was dreadful glad to see me. Says he, 'Major, do you know I'm stump'd about that 'ere Bank arter all !' (You see he is a rale business man ; he goes right at it off-hand, and when he gits one thing in his head, he sticks to it till its out and done with.) 'We have been shav'd,' says he, 'most infarnally, with some of them

'ere State Banks ;' and with that, he out with his wallet, and unrolled a mess on 'em, sure enuff. 'Look here,' says he, 'Major, here is one made payable to me, and got my head on one eend, and Mr. Van Buren's on tother (blast their impudence), and they tell me it ain't worth a copper ; and there ain't one in all that bundle I can get the hard dollars for without losing a most half.'

'But,' says I, 'Gineral, where is Mr. Van Buren's safety valve?' 'Safety valve,' says the Gineral, 'what's the use of a safety valve when the boiler is bust, Major?' 'Plaguy little,' says I, 'sure enuff ; I didn't think of that,' says I, 'Gineral.' 'That are Safety Fund,' says the Gineral, 'I'm afraid won't do, Major, because you see it's all 'hair of the same dog,' arter all.' 'Well now, Gineral,' says I, 'that's been my notion all along, because if all the Banks bust, the Safety Fund will jist be of the same kind of stuff, that will bust too, unless in the mean while they change it off for Biddle's Bilis, and that would not be fair to some body.' 'Well, Major,' says the Gineral, 'you do know about as much about most things as most folks, and as I said before, I'm stump'd about that Bank of U. S.,

and I want you to help me figure it out. I want you, Major,' says he, 'to look into that matter. If the Bank is good, and sound, and safe, we'll stick to it; if it ain't, we'll blow it sky high.' 'What,' says I, 'Gineral, do you want another report?' 'Not by a darn'd sight,' says he; 'I don't understand the reports, Major; and that isn't all, I don't believe they do who make them—no,' says he, 'Major, Mr. Van Buren wants Amos Kendall to go and make report about the State Banks, and their Safety Funds: and I want you to go and look into Biddle's Bank at the same time. I'll give you a letter of authority; and when you come back we'll talk the matter over together. You know, Major, that I am not one of that 'ere sort of folks that says a thing is black to-day, because I thought it was black yesterday. There was a time when I thought I could hang all the Yankees at Hartford under the 2d section, but I don't think now it would be exactly right; I am an honest man, Major, and ain't afeard to change my opinion.'

Now this is the Gineral all over; and I am off to-morrow to Philadelphia; and if I don't give Mr. Biddle and his money-bags a stirring up, I'm mistaken; there is no one thing I'm

so cute at, as looking through accounts. I showed that once as clear as a whistle, when I settled the first mackerel voyage of the 'Two Pollies,' Capt. Jumper. There were nine owners, and three on 'em found the riggin, and the other six built the hull, and the captain fitted her out, and was to get every seventeenth fish for his share, extra, for his services. Each one was to draw his share, according to amount and sarvices. It was all strait enuff, only some of the riggin was taken from the 'Amiable Mahitable,' belonging to one of the three who found the riggin, part of which was paid back by Capt. Jumper. They puzzled at a settlement all winter; but I saw thru' it in a minute, and made it all as strait as a loon's leg. I showed the Ginerall the accounts one day, and I suppose that is the reason why he wants me to look into the Bank. I'll tell you more about it to rights.

Yours, from

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER V.

*Containing Major Downing's Official Report on the
United States Bank.*

Published "By Authority."

Rip-Raps, August 4th, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I have just got here after examin in the Bank ; and it was the toughest job I ever had in my life. The Ginerall was so bent on my doing it that I had to 'go ahead,' or I'd sneak'd out the first day. I was nigh upon a week about it, figerin and siferin all the while. Mr. Biddle see quick enuff it was no fool's journey I come on ; and I made some of his folks scratch their heads, I tell you. I gin 'em no notice of my comin, and I jump'd right in the thickest on 'em there one day when they were tumblin in and shellin out the money like corn—'now,' says I, 'my boys, I advise all on ye to brush up your multiplication tables, for I am down upon you with aligation, and the rule of 3, and vulgar fractions ; and if I find a penny out of place,

the Ginerall shall know it. I'm no green horn nor member of Congress, nor Judge Clayton nor Mr. Cambreleng neither,' says I. As soon as Mr. Biddle read the letter the Ginerall sent by me, says he, 'Major, I'm glad the Ginerall has sent some one at last that knows something, and can give a strait account ;' and with that he call'd all the bank folks, and tell'd 'em to bring their books together. 'Now,' says he, 'Major, which eend shall we begin a first?' 'It makes no odds which,' says I. 'All I care about is to see if both eends meet and if they don't, Mr. Biddle,' says I, 'its all over with you and the Bank—you'll all go 'hook and line :'' and then we off coats, and went at it. I found some of them 'ere fellows there plaguy sharp at siferin. They'd do a sum by a kinder short Dilworth, quick as a flash. I always use a slate—it comes kinder natural to me ; and I chalk'd her off there the first day, and figur'd out nigh upon 100 pretty considerable tuff sums. There was more than a cart load of books about us, and every one of 'em bigger than the Deacon's family Bible. And such an eternal batch of figerin I never see, and there warn't a blot or a scratch on the hull on 'em.

I put a good many questions to Mr. Biddle, for the Ginerel gin me a long string on 'em; and I thought some would stagger him; but he answered them all just as glib as our boys in Downingville do the catakize, from the chief eend of man' clean through the petitions. And he did it all in a mighty civil way, too; there was only one he kinder tried to git round, and that was—how he came to have so few of the Ginerel's folks among the Directors until very lately?—'Why,' says he, 'Major, and Major,' says he (and then he got up and took a pinch of snuff and offered me one), says he, 'Major, the Bank knows no party; and in the first go off, you know, the Ginerel's friends were all above matters of so little importance as Banks and Banking. If we had put a branch 'in Downingville,' says he, 'the Ginerel would not have had occasion to ask such a question;' and with that he made me a bow, and I went home and took dinner with him. It is plaguy curious to hear him talk about millions and thousands; and I got as glib too at it as he is; and how on earth I shall git back again to ninepences and fourpence-happenies I can't tell.

After I had been figerin away there nigh

upon a week, and used up 4 or 5 slate pencils, and spit my mouth as dry as a cob, rubbin out the sums as fast as I did them, I writ to the Gineral, and tell'd him it was no use ; I could find no mistake ; but so long as the Bank was at work, it was pretty much like counting a flock of sheep in a fall day, when they are just let into a new stubble—for it was all the while crossing and mixing, and the only way was to lock up all the Banks, and as fast as you count 'em, black their noses.

'Now,' says I one day to Squire Biddle, 'I'll just take a look at your money-bags, for they tell the Gineral you han't got stuff enuff in the Bank to make him a pair of spectacles ; none of your rags,' says I, 'but the real grit : ' and with that he call'd 2 or 3 chaps in Quaker coats, and they open'd a large place about as big as the ' east room ; ' and such a sight I never see—boxes, bags, and kegs, all full, and I should say nigh upon a hundred cord. Says I, 'Squire Biddle, what on earth is all this for ; I'm stump'd.'—'O,' says he, 'Major, that's our Safety Fund.' 'How you talk !' says I.

'Now,' says I, 'is all that genwine !' 'Every dollar of it,' says he ; 'will you count it, Major ?' says he. 'Not to-day,' says I ; 'but

as the Ginerall wants me to be particular, I'll just hussle some on 'em ;' and at it I went, hammer and file. It raly did me good, for I did not think there was so much rale chink in all creation. So when I got tired, I set down on a pile, and took out my wallet, and began to count over some of the 'Safety Fund' notes I got shaved with on the grand tower. 'Here,' says I, 'Squire Biddle, I have a small trifle I should like to dicker with you—its all 'Safety Fund,'' says I ; 'and Mr. Van Buren's head is on most all on 'em.' But as soon as he put his eye on 'em he shook his head. I see he had his eye-teeth cut. 'Well,' says I, 'it's no matter ;'—but it lifted my dander considerable.

'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm through. You say your bills are better than hard dollars ; this puzzles me, and the Ginerall too.—Now how is this ?' 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'll tell you : suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost you to get them there ?' 'Well,' says I, 'about two shillins lawful—for I sent a barrel there to the Ginerall last fall, and that cost

me a dollar freight.' 'Well,' says he, 'suppose I've got potatoes in Washington jist as good as yours, and I take your potatoes in Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldn't you save two shillings lawful by that? We sometimes charge,' says he, 'a trifle for drafts when the places are distant, but never as much as it would cost to carry the dollars : ' and with that we looked into the accounts agin, and there it was. Says I, 'Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle.'

When I got back to Washington, I found the Ginerall off to the 'Rip-Raps,' and I arter him. One feller there tell'd me I couldn't go to the 'Rip-Raps'—that the Ginerall was there to keep off business; but as soon as I tell'd him who I was, he ordered a boat, and I paddled off.

The Ginerall and I have talked over all the Bank business; he says it is not best to publish my report, as he wants it for the message: and it would only set them *Stock-fish* nibblin agin in Wall-street. I made him stare when I tell'd him about the dollars I saw there, and

once and awhile he would rinkle his face up like a ball of ravlins ; and when I tell'd him Biddle wouldn't give me any of his 'Safety Fund' for any of Mr. Van Buren's that I had with me, the Ginerall took out his wallet, and slung it more than 5 rods into the brakkers.

We are now pretty busy, fitting and joining the beams and rafters of the message ; and if Mr. Van Buren don't get back before we begin to shingle it, I guess his 'Safety Fund' will stand but a poor chance.

The Ginerall don't care much about having his head for a sign-board ; but says he, 'Major, when they put my head on one eend of a Bank Bill, and Mr. Van Buren's on tother eend, and 'promise to pay Andrew Jackson,' and then blow up, it's too bad—I won't allow it—it shan't be.' The Ginerall says, if he allows Amos Kendle to make his report about the State Banks, it is but fair to let me publish mine about Squire Biddle's Bank. So I am getting mine ready.

We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with Office Seekers ; we can see 'em in droves all along shore, waitin for a chance. One fellow swam off last night to get ap-

pointed to some office—the General thinks of making him minister to the King of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their being all good swimmers there.

Yours, eternally,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER VI.

To be printed by my old friend Mr. Dwight.

TO AMOS KINDLE,

Somewhere North among "Safety Fund" Banks.

Rip-Raps, 7th August, 1833.

DEAR AMOS,—Not knowing where you be exactly, I write you this letter through the papers, for they go everywhere, and you'll most likely git it that way soonest. The Giner-
al is in some trouble; for since you left Washington, he and I have been looking into the Law Books, and the Bank Charter, and he says he thinks we shall be snag'd, if we don't look out pretty sharp how we meddle jist yet with our money in the U. S. Bank. And ever since I have been tellin him abou my examination of Biddle's Bank, he don't seem to feel so wrathly agin it. And he is plaguy fraid if he takes away any of our money from Biddle, we shall have to take away all the 'counts too; and we have enuff now to make us stagger. The Giner-
al would like

you to ask Biddle if he won't keep the 'counts, and let us have the money. If he won't do that, then he thinks you best do nothin, for on lookin into the Treasury and batin that batch of state paper there, that ain't worth nothin, and seein that them blasted Frenchmen han't paid that bill yet, and a good many things a little singed by the fire last spring—we han't got quite as much cash as we thought on.

There is another thing too puzzles us considerable. When the United States Bank was chartered, it was agreed that seein it paid a pretty considerable round sum for keepin our money, we made 'em also agree to do all our business in the money way—receive and pay, and take resates for all the old sogers, and pay the interest on the public debt, and so on; and then we agreed to take their money in payment of all debts comin to us. The Ginerall thinks he can't well git round this; and we have looked through all the Law Books, and regulations of the army, and can't find nothin there to help us. 'So,' says he, 'Major, we shall be snag'd if we don't look out sharp; for as soon as we put our 'counts in other banks, that crittur Biddle won't let any thing like a bank bill go out of his bank that we can

use where we want it. Now in York they'll shell out New-Orleans, and St. Louis, and Mobile branch notes to pay bonds with, and away South we shall git Buffalo, and down east branch paper, and we shall have to lug them about ourselves to git the dollars for them. And then,' says he, 'arter all, Major, we shall run the risk agin of gittin our wallets filled with some more of them Safety Fund notes. I don't like the looks of it at all—I wish,' says he, 'Amos was back agin in Washington, and let Congress do with the Bank as it pleases. I won't be pestered with it any more, by the Eternal!' says he, (and he was ony just beginnin to thunder), when I, just to turn the cloud, tell'd him Calhoun was in Georgia. And then I tell'd him I would write to you, and tell you to come home. The Gineral says you may go to Saratogue, and talk over matters with Mr. Van Buren, and as he got us into the scrape, tell him to git us out of it as well as he can; but you must all on you be in Washington pretty soon, for its gittin kinder windy down here. Take care how you write and talk to some of the Banks in York; them fellers have got their eye-teeth

cut, and know plaguy nigh as well as we do about most things.

The Ginerall thinks that was a pretty considerable of a cute move in Mr. Van Buren, sending Isaac Hill along with Cass. He stuck to him like a lamper eel till he got to Buffalo, and then unhooked. I'll write to you agin in a few days. Yours,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER VII.

Major Downing manages the Official Correspondence of the President—A simple Government—Peleg Bissel's Churn.

Rip-Raps, 17th August, 1833.

MY GOOD FRIEND,—*'The Goverment,* will leave here on Saturday, so you must tell all our friends to stop sending any more letters here. We go strait to Washington, to put things to rights there for winter.

I and the Ginerall have got things now pretty considerable snug; and it is raly curious to see how much more easy and simple all the public affairs go on, than they did a spell ago, when Mr. Adams was President. If it warnt for Congress meetin, we cou'd jest go about pretty much where we pleas'd, and keep things strait too; and I begin to think now, with the Ginerall, that arter all, there is no great shakes in managin the affairs of the nation. We have pretty much all on us ben joggin about now since last grass, and things are jest as strait and clear now, as they was then. The Ginerall has nigh upon made up

his mind, that there is no use to have any more Congress. They only bother us—they wou'd do more good to stay at home, and write letters to us tellin what is goin on among 'em at home. It would save a considerable sum of money too; and I'm also sartain that there is a plaguy raft of fellows on wages that don't earn nothin. Howsever, we are goin on makin things more simple every day; and we once and a while nock off a pretty considerable number of coggwheels and trunnel-heads.

'The Ginerál says he likes things simple as a mouse-trap. But what I like most is, he won't have no one about him who outranks me; so there is me, and Major Barry, and Major Smith, and Major Earl, and Major Donaldson, and Major Lewis, and Major Eaton—and Major Blair, a pretty considerable of a man to do the printing, and tell the folks where we be, and once and a while where the land sales and contracts be too. There is enuff on us to do all that's wanted. Every day, jest arter breakfast, the Ginerál lights his pipe, and begins to think pretty hard, and I and Major Donaldson begin to open letters for him; and there is more than three bushels every day, and all the while coming. We

don't git through more than a bushel a day; and never trouble long ones, unless they come from Mr. Van Buren, or Mr. Kindle, or some other of our great folks. Then we sort 'em out, jest as Zekil Bigelow does the mackerel at his packin-yard, for tho' there are plaguy many more sorts than he finds among fish, we only make three sorts, and keep 3 big baskets, one marked '*not red*,' another '*red*, and worth nothin,' and another '*red*, and to be answered.' And then all the Ginerel has to do, is to say, 'Major, I reckon we best say so and so to that,' and I say 'jest so,' or not, jest as the notion takes me—and then we go at it.

We keep all the Secretaries, and the Vice President, and some District Attornys, and a good many more of our folks, and Amos Kindle, moving about; and they tell us jest how the cat jumps. And, as I said afore, if it warnt for Congress meetin once a year, we'd put the Goverment in a one horse waggon, and go jest where we liked.

The Ginerel was amazingly tickled tother day. Peleg Bissel—(you know Peleg, who is all the while whitlin, and sawin, and makin clocks and apple-parers, and churns, and lives

nigh Seth Sprague's school-house, down to Downingville), well, Peleg sent the General a new churn of his own invention; and he calls it the 'Jackson Churn,'—he wants a patent for it. The cute crittur says, in his letter to the General, that that 'ere churn is jest like his Goverment—it's only got one wheel—and a smasher—and that it will make more butter than any other churn, and out of eny most anything. The General is so tickled with it, he will set and turn it nearly all day. Says he, 'Major, I like this 'ere churn amazingly; that Bissel is a knowin fellow. If that churn had been made by Congress, it would have more than 50 wheels and springs, and make no more butter arter all. Major,' says he, 'tell Peleg I thank him, and send him a patent.'

And so I did; and I tell'd him in the letter, that the General would keep his churn in the hall of the White House, to let folks see that it didn't require as many cog-wheels to make butter as they think on, and then when they come up chamber, in the Cabinet-room, and find only me and the President, they'll understand it the better. When the General come to sign this letter—'Well,' says he, 'Major,

that's jest what I was thinking on.' We get every day an everlastin batch of letters from Mr. Van Buren and Amos Kindle, and they are so plaguy jagged, that we can't make 'em fit exactly with some others, eny most as jagged, from the South and West, and all from our folks too. One wants one thing, and one wants tother. Some of our folks down South say, if the Bank is put down, we shall all be split up into splinters there. And jest so, only tother way, they say, we shan't find in a week any of our folks North, if the Bank is rechartered, and some talk of the nullifiers in Georgia goin for Mr. Van Buren, and that we must look out sharp, and not do nothing agin 'em. And some say that 'ere tower of Mr. Webster away west, and his speeches, bother some on 'em plagily. I was a little stumped for a spell myself; and I tell'd the Ginerel, says I, 'Ginerel, if you expect me to satisfy all these folks, you're mistaken; we can't do it,' says I. 'Well, then,' says he, 'we must send for Mr. Van Buren.' This kinder nettled me, and says I, 'Ginerel, you han't forgot that 'ere churn already.' 'No, no,' says he, 'we'll stick to that, Major.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'do you

think that Mr. Van Buren will use that 'ere churn?—he keeps his bread buttered,' says I, 'by more wheels than that 'ere churn's got.' 'Well, Major,' says the General, 'he is a plaguy curious crittur, arter all—he'll make wheels turn sometimes right agin one another, yet he gits along—and when he lets his slice fall, or some one nocks it out of his hand, it always, some how, falls butter side up.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, don't you know why?' 'Not exactly,' says he, 'Major.' 'Well,' says I, 'I'll tell you—he butters both sides at once,' says I. The General drew his face all into a rumple for about a minet, and then he snorted right out.

The General talks of goin to the Hermitage next spring—he says he thinks he has done enuff for the country—and I think so too—he says I may go along with him, or stay and lend Mr. Van Buren a hand—we'll say something about this in the Message, perhaps.

Yours as before,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

DOWNINGVILLE POLITICS.

To Major Downing, of Downingville, now at Washington—or somewhere else.

DEAR MAJOR,—I am desperately put out to hear you're going to be President—I should'nt have tho't it of you; but there's no tellin what one may be left to do.

I used to be well acquainted with your folks when you was a youngster; and your poor father, that's dead and gone, was dreadful sober about you at times. Says he to me one day, 'Captain, you're an obsarving sort of man, and seen a good deal of the world up to Boston and thereabouts. I want your opinion consarnin our Jack, and what we'd best put him to for a livelyhood: he ain't over fond of work that's likely to take up much time, but's always willing to do his shear at a raising, or such like, and his fancy don't lead him to larning or the like of that. What think I'd best do with him?' 'Wal,' says I, 'Deacon, if you really want my candid opin-

ion and advice, I'm ready to give it. I've all along tho't Jack a pooty smartish sort of a chap, and if you could get him into Lawyer Josslin's office a while, he'd be equal to a most any thing—and mark my words, Deacon,' says I, 'he'll *rise* in the world before he dies.' 'I believe you're half right, Captain,' says the Deacon, your father, 'but I'm pesky fraid he'll rise a leetle sooner than he'd like to, for that 'ere Josslin is a raal peeler in the way of bringin folks up!' 'Twant six months arter that, before I heard of your settin up law for yourself, and havin a good deal of one thing and another to do, which taint worth a while to mention: and when they talked of makin you Governor, down in Maine, your poor aunt Nabby was wrathful enough—'Well, there,' says she, 'I never thought to live to see *this* day! our family,' says she, 'if it wan't so dreadful rich, ollers bore a good character, and could hold up their heads and show their faces anywhere and to anybody, without their being able to say one word against us—and now to have one of us put up for a Governor without ever having done any thing to be ashamed of, is *too bad!* and it all comes of your advice, Captain Jumper, for advising

my brother, the Deacon, to put him into Lawyer Josslin's plaguy office. We never know'd what it was to be ashamed of any of our relations before.' 'Miss Nabby,' says I, 'keep cool, and don't get yourself into such a flurry, for it's more than an even chance, they don't convict him of being a Governor, and if he escapes this time, I'll smuggle him out of the state in the two Pollies, and let him try his luck on to Washington long with General Jackson, who knows me, and I'll give him a recommend to the General, and who knows but he may yet come to something?' That sort of pacified your aunt, and accordingly I got you out of Maine on board the two Pollies, as I was saying, and didn't charge you nothing for your passage, and let you have the privilege of stubshodding the boards, and pumping besides, and never charged a cent for that neither. All these circumstances considered, I hope you won't think hard of me if I do say, that arter what's been done for you by night and by day—its ongrateful in you to throw yourself away by turning President. But it isn't too late to repent. Tell them Mowchonk folks you're not the man they take you for, if

they think to coax you into being President as long as the Ginerel's alive, and I hope he'll live for ever.

Yours to sarve,

SOLOMON JUMPER,

Captain of the Two Pollies of Downingville.

LETTER VIII.

*The Ginerel's regard for the Yankees—Office-seekers—
New Presidential Recreations.*

To Mr. Dwight—New-York Daily Advertiser.

Washington, August 30, 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—Ever since we got 'the Goverment' back here from the Rip-Raps, we have been as busy as if we was all on us cocking hay jest afore a shower.

I tell'd you some time ago that I and the Ginerel was fittin and jointin the beams and rafters of the message; but almost every day some plaguy new notion comes in from Mr. Van Buren, and some other of our folks, and we have to chizzle new mortices, and run new braces and string pieces; so that I begin to think it will look curious enuff when it's done. The Ginerel says he don't care how it fronts, only he is detarmined to show a sharp corner to the Nullifiers. We shall have a good deal to say about the *Grand Tower*; there is nothin since the 8th of January at New-Orleans tickles the Ginerel half so much. Every time

we talk about it, the Ginerall gits right up, and says he, 'Major, I only wish I was 50 years younger, and then,' says he, 'give me the Yankees east of Horse Neck, and I'd like no better sport than to have nullification all over the rest of creation.'

When things don't go right, and the Ginerall gits a little wrathful, if I only tell him the Yankees are ready to back him, he is as firm as granite. It would make you crawl all over to read that letter we writ to France, when we come to hear that the King there kinder shuffled round that bill we drawed on him. 'He won't pay it, won't he?' says he—'Major, what do you think of that?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, I think it's a nasty mean action—and a darnation rascally one too,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'that's enuff,'—and then we writ the letter,—its just like Zekel Bigelow's speech—it cuts, shaves, and makes the hair fly—and if it don't bring the money, I'm mistaken.'

If Mr. Livingston had stay'd one week longer in York, the Ginerall was for sendin me right out, and Captain Jumper was jest gettin the 'Two Pollies' ready to take me.

The most curious part of 'the Government' here is to manage the office-seekers.

You see, things ain't now as they was afore Mr. Van Buren's time ; then it was kinder divided round among the Departments.

The Post Master General appinted all the Post Masters, and their folks. The Secretary of the Treasury appinted all the folks in the Custom Houses, and all the folks who collected money. These two had an everlastin batch of fellers to appint, and made them feel pretty considerable big, and then the War Secretary had a good slice in appinting the cadets, and Ingen agents, and all the contracts was kinder sifted round among the Departments ; and so by the time a new President was to be made, some of these Secretaries was a leetle bigger than the President himself. Now this is the way they kinder jockied Mr. Adams, who got to be the smallest man at Washington, by letting other folks plant his corn, and do his huskin ; and afore he know'd it, his own field was all in weeds—and theirs, well-howed, rich and clean as a whistle.

But things ain't so now ; we've got only one crib, and that's a whappin one too, and ony one door to it ; and when we shell out our corn, we take good care and know well who

gets it, and where he is goin to plant it ; and that ain't all—we make 'em agree about the *Huskin Frolic*,* for that's the best on't, arter all.

The longer I am in 'the Goverment,' the more I larn. But I must allow, that of all the inventions I've hearn on of Mr. Van Buren's, this is about the slickest.

There is only one thing wantin, and that he is tryin for pretty hard—and that is the Bank. If he can only git that in the crib too, Virginny fences wouldn't stop our cattle.

Only think what an everlastin raft of fellows we should have—all the Presidents, and Cashiers, and Clarks, and Money Counters, about the crib, from Downingville to New-Orleans !—and that ain't the best on't ; we would have a branch alongside every post office to keep our postages safe.

I should like this well enuff if I was sartin I and the Ginerál and Mr. Van Buren was to be here all the while, to keep a good look out on the crib door. But the Ginerál talks of goin hum to put the Hermitage to rights ;

* The Major, we presume, means the Elections, or Hustings, by this metaphor.

and I am in the notion that Congress is a leetle too strong for 'the goverment,' when the Ginerall ain't in it—and I shall go with him. I am eny most fag'd out myself; and I begin to think with the Ginerall I have done enuff for the country.

We are lookin for Amos Kindle now every hour. He writ the Ginerall t'other day, and tell'd him my 'Bank Report' warn't true, and that I must have got a loan of Squire Biddle. Now that is jest the way with some folks. What they don't know they guess at; and it's jest so with old Miss Crane, who keeps the tavern this side Downingville—jest as sure as any one goes by without stoppin, the old crittur says, 'there goes so and so, and has got no money too; and he knows I wouldn't trust him.'

Howsumever, no one can make the Ginerall wrathful with me. He knows I am the best friend about him; whenever they get things in any kind of a twist, or a snarl, says he, 'Major, do you unravel that. I'm the big wheel, and you are the smasher,' says he; and then we jest give Peleg Bissel's churn a turn or two, and all is right.

You don't print my letters right—you git

some words wrong, and spell 'em most infar-
nally. Jest so the printers sarved the Gine-
ral's letters too ; and folks thought he didn't
know nothin, till we got to Cambridge, where
they made a doctor on him.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser of Sept. 7th, 1833.

By a letter received yesterday, and which we publish in this morning's paper, from Maj. Downing, our readers will observe that this distinguished individual may be expected here immediately. We are not yet informed at what house he will put up at during his stay. His friend Zekel Bigelow, of Downingville, we understand is here, and has received directions from the Major regarding his apartments, which should be fitted up in splendid style. We hope his apartments, wherever they may be, will be easy of access, as the whole city (with certain exceptions) would be pleased to pay its respects to him—but we presume he will be as busy while he is here (to use his own language) as if he was “cocking hay jest afore a shower.”—*Ed.*

LETTER IX.

The Major gives Notice of his Journey to Philadelphia and New-York, to find out where all the Money has gone.

Washington, Sept. 5, 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—Since I wrote to you last week, we have seen so much said in the papers about money being so scarce in York, and other places north,—some saying it is all owing to 'Squire Biddle, and some to Amos Kindle, and some to me and 'the Government'—that the Gineral wants me to go

right off and look into it, and put it to rights; for the Ginerl says if there is any ailing in money in one place, it will spread jest like the Colera Morbus, and if it gets to Washington, we shall be in a bad way, for nigh upon all on 'em here can't stand much of a squeeze. The Ginerl says he don't want to have any thing secret about it, and that I must write to him through the papers, for then all our folks can read it at once, and won't pester him about it.

I start to-morrow mornin afore day light. I'll stop a day or so in Philadelphy, and see how things go on there, and then look into York. If I can only get a fair talk with some of them 'ere folks in Wall-street, I'll get to the bottom of it in a minit.

I know there is money enuff somewhere—folks don't eat it—and what the Ginerl wants me to find out is, where the money is, and what on earth is the reason folks can't get it when they want it.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER X.

To Mr. Dwight—Editor of the York Daily Advertiser.

Philadelphia, 11th Sept. 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—I send you a letter I writ to the Ginerall last night—he told me to write to him threw the papers. Some of the printers here wanted me to give them the printin on 'em, but if I let any body but you print 'em first, folks can't tell which is genwine—some fellows write so much like me, that I am stump'd sometimes myself, and put to't as bad as Captain Jumper, of the Two Pollies, and President of the Downingville Bank, was a spell ago, when a fellow bro't him a note on his Bank; some said it was 'genwine,' and some said it warn't. It was so slick a kounterfit the Captain didn't know himself—'so,' says he, 'it looks a leetle like a kounterfit, and then agin it don't—and my notion is, it's about midlin.'*

The letter I now send you to print don't amount to nothin. I want to git to York first, and will go there to-morrow or next

* Captain Jumper is a "non committal" Van Buren man.

day, and arter that I'll tell the Ginerall and all our folks all about it. If you see Zekel Bigelow, tell him not to go home till I come on ; I want to see him dreadfully.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

*Major Downing's Letter to the President, describing
his Visit to the United States Bank.*

To Ginerall Jackson.

Philadelphia, 10th Sept., 1833.

DEAR GINERALL,—I had eny most as much trouble in gittin here as I had when I come on with 'the Goverment' a spell ago ; but I tell'd the folks I had no time now to lose, and couldn't talk politics ; and that I was on argent business. They all wanted to know how you was ; and I tell'd 'em you was as hard as granit, and no rot about you.

As soon as I got here, I took a look into Squire Biddle's Bank agin, and found every thing there pretty much as I left 'em when I was there afore. If any thing, he's got a little more of the rale chink. Squire Biddle was glad to see me, and was plaguy good-natured. He said he was sorry that 'the Gov

erment' continued to feel kinder wrathly agin the Bank; 'but,' says he, 'Major, we are ready for them.' Jest then our old Quaker friend come in—the same old gentleman, you remember, who came to see us one mornin, and call'd you 'friend Andrew,' and kept his hat on all the while. He was as spunky as thunder; and when a Quaker gits his dander up, it's like a norwester. He said he was sore troubled, and that he was afraid that evil disposed folks were busy, and tryin to inger you. He said he had been in trade over 40 years, and knew all about it, and Banks too; and that jest so sure as his friend Andrew didn't put a stop to this war agin the United States Bank, it would bring more injury on the country than universal nullification. I tell'd him that you didn't want to injure nobody—that all you wanted was to git hold of the right eend of every thing, and then hold on like a snappin turtle. And then we sat down, and he talk'd for more than three hours, and till he couldn't talk no more. He is a rale friend of ourn; and the last thing he said was, he hoped you wouldn't let any one deceive you about the Bank, for though the change might give a few persons some cream, all the

rest would git nothin but skim milk and bonny clabber. I am glad I met him, for he telled me more than I had any ide on; and the more I see, the more sartin I am that Banks and Trade and money matters are pretty considerable ticklish things; and when you think a thing must be jest so, it comes out jest tother way.

Squire Biddle don't look streaked at all when I talk to him about our takin our money away from him. He says he don't care a button whether we take it away or not. And upon the whole, the Bank could do better without our custom than with it. He don't say nothin agin nobody; but he is gittin to be pretty saucy about it, I tell you. And well he may be; and if he warn't a good-natur'd crittur, he would be crabbed and crooked enuff by this time, for we have been poundin on him now nigh upon three years. He says as long as he sees a black cloud risin, he don't think it safe to make more sail; and it's his business to keep as much sail on his ship as he can without splitten 'em.

Every body I see here says, that Amos Kin-dle's journey this summer was nigh about as bad as the Colera Morbus last summer; and

on the whole, they don't know which is worst. You know I tell'd you as much afore he started; and the last thing Zekel Bigelow said to me, when we was in Downingville—says he, 'Major, don't you advise the Ginerall to meddle with that Bank affair. I see trouble in it,' says he; and Zekel is no fool, I tell you. And Captain Jumper said, too, he would jest about as soon think of runnin the Two Pollies threw Nantucket Shoals at midnight, without a lead. All these things, and my own notion too, made me look into it pretty sharp, to say nothin about them plaguy Safety Fund notes that got into our wallets, and stick there yet. The more I see here, the more sartin I am that I've got a right notion on't. There is money enuff here; but it is pretty much as I hearn tell on in the old war—the folks keep it stow'd away so long as there is trouble brewin. But I won't say more about it now, till I get to York, where they say they are worse off. I have been busy enuff ever since I've been here; and they tell me things are gittin a little more easy, on account of my tellin 'em that you won't do nothin afore I git back agin.

I have met only a few here who think it

would be best to have a new Bank, and nock this one down. But when I come to corner 'em about it, it turns out pretty much like a pesky squabble we had once in Downingville about the School House—one said it warn't big enuff—and Ezra Gleason, a squint-ey'd fellow, said it ought to be a round one, and Seth Sprague ought to set right in the middle on't. But Zekel Bigelow made a speech about it—and the Deacon was moderator:—and says he, 'we've got a school house, and a good stun one too—if it ain't big enuff, we'll nock one eend out on't, and make it bigger. What do you mean by nockin on't all to bits—jest to git more money out of the district? Can you put a better ruff on't than it's got now?—can you build better walls?—and who wants a round one, with the master's seat in the middle on't? You know, Mr. Moderator, that Seth don't squint; and no one can manage a round house unless he does; and so we must nock down our good old solid School House, jest to give new jobs, and build a round one to suit a man who can't look another strait in the face.' Zekel carried the day as slick as a whistle; and the old School House stands yet

—big enuff, and strong enuff, and square as a brick.

I'll write to you agin as soon as I git to York. I send you by the transportation line a tub of rale sweet butter, made on purpose for you, by ——; the address is nailed on inside the kiver. Tell Major Donaldson, when he writes the answer to it, not to say nothin agin the Bank, for evëry body here, and all the butter makers, won't take home with them from market nothin but Biddle's Bills; for they all say they are better than hard dollars.

Your best friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XI.

*Major Downing's Official Correspondence with
"The Government."*

From the Daily Advertiser of 21st September, 1833.

To General Jackson.

New-York, Sept. 20th, 1833.

DEAR GINERAL,—When I wrote to you from Philadelphy on 10th, I thought I would go next day to York ; but I got a letter from our old friend Zekel Bigelow, lettin me know he was there, and snookin about the Banks, and among the Brokers in Wall-street, and that by the time I come here, he could tell me pretty much all about it in a minit. He said the whole business was in a nut shell, and he'd crack it. So I didn't hurry on, but kept myself busy in Philadelphy, putting things to rights there ; for I thought if I could git the mud out of the spring, we should have clear water arterwards. I didn't get here till yesterday. The folks wanted me to land at Castle Garden, but I thought I wouldn't, seeing that them 'ere string pieces came so nigh

puttin an eend to 'The Goverment' a spell ago.

The first man I met in the crowd was Zekel. He was waitin for me, and he looked as natural as ever. The crowd was so great, I was eny most mashed to a slab. All on 'em callin out, 'there's the Major'—and all wantin to shake hands with me, and to know how you was, and what was goin to be done with the Bank. Some fellers had ony one shoe on, and eny most no shirt—and they too wanted to know about the Bank. I never see sich a mess of fellers as they have here all the while: there is all kind of critters, jamming and scrouging folks, and one another; they don't seem to do nothin, and half on 'em think, when we come to nock the Bank down, they are to git the mony.

Zekel and I went as soon as we could git through 'em, straight to the tavern where we all on us put up a spell ago; and then says I, 'Zekel, we must spring to it, and let the Gineral know, as soon as we can, all about mony matters here.'

'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'll tell you pretty much all about it; and its jest as true now as the sun.' And with that he slick'd his hair

down from his eye-brows clean to the eend of his kew, and went at it.

Zekel has got a curious notion of tellin a thing—he begins away back to *a b abb's*, and then he comes up along, and ev'ry once and a while he gives his head and hair a slicken down, and he is so earnest, and looks as if he could see right through an inch plank. I couldn't tell you one half he said, if I was to write a week about it. I'll only tell you a little here and there—he says there is two kinds of mony; hard mony and paper mony. One is always good; and the other is sometimes good, and then agin it ain't good for nothin.

He says, there is jist about so much hard mony all the while—and it keeps goin round and round, all about creation; and they git the most on't who are the most industrious and cute in inventin things. He says that paper mony is jest as good, and a leetle better than hard mony, if folks don't shell out too much on't: and the natur of paper-mony makers is always to git off as much as they can, and if it warn't for somethin to check it, it would be as bad as old continental times.

He says, there is two ways to make mony

scarce—one is by sendin hard mony away out of the country, to pay for notions we can't pay for any other way ; and the other is, by sending Amos Kindle round tellin folks ' The Goverment ' is goin to do something, folks don't know exactly what, nor he nuther.

Then ev'ry body grabs all he can git, and holds on; and things are jest as bad as if there wasn't 'no money : ' and then the Brokers go at it, and lather and shave—says they, ' can only give you a little '—' hard times '—the fellows figer interest for an hour as easy as nothin, and jest so with the pottecarys—only tell the folks Kolery is comin, and they go at it mixin Paragoric and Kamfire, and chalk it up like gold dust.

Zekel says on the hull, that mony matters and Banks, and trade, is all as curious as one of Bissel's clocks ; and folks hadn't ought to meddle in regelatin or alterin on't, without knowin all about it. ' And now, ' says he, ' Major, I'm a good mine to spile my watch, to show you my notion why I think trouble will come if the Ginerall nocks down the U. S. Bank. '

Zekel is one of them 'ere folks, and always was, who would spile a horn, or make a

spoon ; and with that he out with his old watch, as big as a tea cup, wound her up, and then clapt her to my ear. 'She is as true,' says he, 'as the tides.' He then opened it—'Now,' says he, 'Major, do you see that 'ere chain pullin all the while ? and then do you see a lot of little wheels, and springs, and screws ? And here on top is a big wheel, that's all the while goin round one way, and back agin, and jest so fast and no faster,—that's the clicker,' says he, 'and if it warn't for that, you'd see trouble in it, and I'll show you—but I know it will all go to bits'—and so he twitched out the big wheel, and the old watch did whiz, I tell you. Some of them leetle wheels went so fast, you couldn't see nothin. One keel'd up, and another got sum teeth nock'd out—she stopp'd a spell, then a spring snapp'd, and whiz it went agin, and the splinters flew, and by-and-by it all stop'd ; and Zekel gin his kew another slickin—and says he, 'Major, we've spoil'd the old watch ; but I don't value the loss on't, seein you got a notion by it'—and with that he scraped it all together, and wrapp'd it up in the Washington Globe—'there,' says he, 'Major, send that to 'The Goverment,' and tell the Ginerall there

is more there than folks think on, who want to meddle with Banks and mony matters; and to-morrow we'll go into Wall-street, and you'll see all I tell'd you is jest so'—and then we took a glass of switchel and went to bed.

Your best friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[Zekel Bigelow called on us yesterday, and handed us the following letter from Major Downing. He says the Major has gone back to Washington like a streak of lightning; and had not time to apologize to the Honourable the Corporation, and other public bodies, who by their respective Committees had waited on him, and were desirous of showing him the usual civilities extended to distinguished individuals. Zekel says, he 'never see any one so completely in a rumple as the Major was;' he read the General's letter over two or three times, backwards, and forwards, and crosswise, before he said a word; and then he began to mumble the names of some of the Government, and turned as blue as an indigo bag, till he let it out.—*Eds.*]

LETTER XII.

Major Downing leaves New-York like a streak—Zekel Bigelow turning Broker.

American Hotel, New-York, 2d Sept., 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—I'm stumped. I jest got a letter from the General, and until I got that letter I thought all the stories about the Bank was jest got up by the opposition folks, to hurt the General and Mr. Van Buren, and Zekel Bigelow thought so too. But the General's letter tells me pretty much all about it, and a leetle more too. As soon as I read

it to Zekel, 'Well,' says he, 'Major, my notion is, there is some plaguy foul birds in Washington, and if some 'on em hain't siled their own neests, I'm mistaken.'

The Ginerall says he wants me to come right on, for tho' the folks about him say, all works well, he's afraid they'll git him in a tangle—consarn 'em, I don't know what on earth has got in 'em, and the Ginerall too, jest so sure as I quit him he gits in trouble. I must go right back to Washington and try and put things strait if I can, but I'm afraid they'll git the Goverment in a plaguy snarl afore I git there. I was a leetle afraid on't when I left, and I telled the Ginerall as much, but he said he'd do nothin till I got back, and I telled all the folks so in Philadelphy, and here too, and things was lookin bright agin, and now here's trouble—nigh upon half of the message has got to be pulled all to bits. I shall git my dander up if they don't look out sharp, and if I do, some on 'em better streak it, I tell you, and that too afore Congress meets.

Zekel Bigelow says, 'it's an ill wind that blows nowhere,' and seein that the Goverment is goin to try to break the Bank, he's goin to turn broker in Wall-street; he says

there will be no better business stirrin, for then folks will have to pay a trifle for eny most every draft that's drawn, and not git their business done for nothin as they do now. If he does turn broker, you'll hear more on him; for he's a peeler, I tell you.

If I hadn't promised the Ginerall to stick to him threw thick and thin, I'd go right home to Downingville, and have nothin more to do with the Goverment; but if I quit him now, the Goverment will go all to smash, jest as sure as I am in haste and wrath,

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[We are much gratified in having it in our power to give our readers another letter from our faithful friend, Major Downing. It is peculiarly interesting to hear from him at the present time, when the Globe maintains such a silence respecting recent events at Washington. Indeed, if it were not for the Major, the public would know nothing of what is going on inside the cabinet. His communications are invaluable, because they may be implicitly relied upon. Every body will believe the man who sleeps in the same bed with '*the General*']

LETTER XIII.

Major Downing's Call on 'Squire Biddle'—The importance of Congress—The Major arrives at Washington—Wakes the President to talk with him of Raccoons and Skunks.

To my good old friend, Mr. Dwight, of the Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 23d Sept., 1833.

I sent a letter to you by Zekel Bigelow, jest afore I left New-York ; and I was off as soon as they got the steam up. When I got to Philadelphia, I only had time to take a run round, to see Squire Biddle a minit, and I found him pretty busy, but as good-natured as ever. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, the General has opened his battery, but I'm afraid he'll

kill as many friends as enemies.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's no matter, he's got enuff on 'em.' 'But,' says he, 'Major, I thought you told us he'd do nothin till you got back agin.' This kinder corner'd me, and made me a little wrathy—and so, says I, 'Squire, I would like to know what you mean to do about it?' And so I thought this would kinder corner him—'Oh,' says he, 'Major, I'll tell you,' and with that he turned round and picked up a bundle of letters he was jest goin to send off to the Branches, and he read some on 'em; and they was all pretty much alike, tellin his folks to do all they could in relieving the money-market, and not let people suffer, and jest to carry as much sail as they could without splittin 'em, for now as the storm had come on, they could tell more about it than when it was only rumblin and lightenin.

'Well,' says I, 'this is a curious piece of business. The Ginerall won't like this,' says I; 'and I would like to know your notion.' 'Why,' says he, 'Major, we hope the people will decide against him, when Congress meets.' 'What,' says I, 'do you call Congress *the people*?' How you talk,' says I, 'and if that is your notion of the Goverment,

then,' says I, 'Squire, you are a bigger fool than I took you for. Why,' says I, 'I and the Gineral don't care no more for Congress, than we do for the Ingins.' 'Well then,' says he, 'there is the Cabinet—perhaps they will have somethin to say about it.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's worse yet: what has the Cabinet got to do with it?—do you think we are goin to appoint folks to tell us what to do? No, no,' says I, 'Squire, you know a good deal, but you don't know nothin about the Goverment yet. The Gineral didn't fight that New-Orleans battle for nothin,' says I; 'and when the people made him President, they knew he was the most knowin man goin; and ever since I've been with him, they are more and more sartain nothing more is wantin, unless it is Mr. Van Buren to cut in when we give out, and go to the Hermitage.' And with that I streaked it to Washington.

It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House, and the Gineral was abed; and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. 'Why,' says he, 'Major, is that raly you?—for I've been dreamin about you. I'm glad you are back agin, for things are gittin pretty

stormy here ; so do you come to bed, and we'll talk about it.' As soon as I got alongside the Ginerel—'There now,' says he, 'Major, I don't care for all the rest of the Goverment, except Mr. Van Buren ; and if we three ain't a match for all creation, I'm mistaken.' Says he, 'Major, hain't you seen my Proclamation agin Biddle?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I saw it at Baltimore.' 'Well,' says he, 'what do you think of it?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerel, I've been thinkin a good deal about it ; and I'm thinkin about it all the while.' 'Major,' says he, 'that Proclamation agin Biddle will kill him and the Bank as dead as that one agin the Nullifiers killed Calhoun and his party. There is nothin,' says he, 'like a Proclamation. And I have been thinkin,' says he, 'Major, to git you to write one too, for there is a good many things yet I didn't say nothin about. I want you to read over Mr. Van Buren's late letters, and you'll find a good many things wants attendin to. We have killed Calhoun and Biddle ; but there is a raft of fellows to put down yet, such as Webster, and McDuffy, and Clay, and Binny, and Everett, and Sargent, and Burgess, and a hundred others ; and as the most on

'em are in Congress, I'm thinkin the best way would be for you and I to git up a Proclamation agin Congress; and that's what I was dreaming about jest now. The most on 'em, I reckon, have been borrowin money of Biddle, or wanted to, and if they hain't, it's no matter. And Mr. Van Buren thinks it would be well to call a convention to nominate a President, and you and I can manage to slip that in the Proclamation too, and if things don't go right for him, I'll hold on till it does.'

'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, you know I tell'd you I'd stick to you thro' thick and thin, and I'm to be depended on.' 'I know it, Major,' says he, 'and I was only sorry you warnt here a few days ago; but Mr. Van Buren said there was no time to lose, and *the first shot* is worth a dozen afterward. And so I come out agin Biddle at once. And it was jest so at New-Orleans; if I hadn't gone down and gin the English a thump on 23d December, they might have licked me on 8th January. And jest so it might be now, if we waited till Congress met; them fellows might recharter the Bank in spite of us. But I reckon my Proclamation has done up that business—and if it hain't yours will. Do you know,' says

he, 'Major, that some of these fellows about me here, had the impudence to tell me tother day, I was runnin the risk of bein turned out of the White House?' 'Why,' says I, 'you don't say so?' 'Yes,' says he, 'it's a fact; but,' says he, 'Major, they don't know nothin about raccoon huntin.' 'No,' says I, 'nor skunkin neither.' And then he and I turned to, and told stories one arter another about raccoonin and skunkin, till almost daylight; and then we went to sleep. I expect my next will be a Proclamation, but I don't know. We are pretty busy about everything.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade

LETTER XIV.

Major Downing's Proclamation, in aid of the President's, against the Banks.

Major Downing's Clincher,—Published by Authority.

Washington, 26th Sept. 1833.

I, MAJOR J. DOWNING, of the 2d Brigade of Downingville Militia, and second best man in the Goverment (I and the Gineral bein pretty much the hull on't), thinkin that the last Proclamation agin Biddle and the Bank han't got reasons enuff in it—give out this, my Proclamation, by way of a Clincher.

The times are now gittin pretty squally, and if we don't look out sharp, things will go all to smash, and now is the time for all on you to back me and the Gineral. We have been now nigh upon five years at work, nockin down abuses, and still things don't go exactly to our notion. We have taken away all the offices from the opposition folks; still some on 'em manage to git money to live on somewhere else. We have taken away the printin from them, and gin it all to our folks;

still they keep up printin other papers, and we can't manage to choak them off no how, but they will keep jawin, and twittin on us ; they won't print none of our notices, but keep all the while writin and printin their own, and try to make folks think that Webster, and McDuffy, and Adams, and Sargent, and Clay, and Binny, and Everett, and Gallatin, and a raft more of such kinder fellows, know more than Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Kendle, Mr. Cambrelling, and Major Barry, and such good friends of our'n, and all as true as steel too. But I and the Ginerall have found out all about it.

*Biddle and the Bank are the varments,—*and if they are not put down there is no tellin the harm they'll do us. Biddle's Bank ain't like other Banks—evry thing it does goes pretty much agin us ; and most of the other Banks do all they can to help us. There is one at Albany called the Regency Bank ; now that is the right kind of Bank ; it loans money only to our friends, and gits its thumb on all the Banks it can, and makes them do so too ; and if they don't they put the screws on 'em—and that's the reason why our folks are so strong in Albany ; and if the United States

Bank was managed jest like the Regency Bank, we should all on us be much better off. And what was the United States Bank made for? Didn't Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Adams, when they were Presidents, jest go into it whenever they pleased, and shovel out the money to their friends, and the opposition folks didn't git one cent; and now that Ginerall Jackson is President, and who has done more for the country than all the Presidents, and Ginerals, and Commodores, and the whole bunch on 'em ever did, when he wants to do a trifle for his friends in the same way, they won't let him—'Well then,' says he, 'I'm the Goverment, and I want my money;' and then they turn and print books and speeches, saying the Ginerall ain't the Goverment; and try to make folks think the Secretary of the Treasury and Congress, and not the Ginerall, has the right to take away the money. Now the Ginerall don't care no more for Congress than he does for the Secretary of the Treasury, and he'll sarve them jest as he has him. We don't want them; they only make trouble, unless they do jest as we tell 'em. We want money, and must have it. Some of our folks who have

been working hard for us hain't got any, and we have got no more offices to give 'em.

The rich folks have pretty much all the money, but as we can out vote 'em, they ought to shell out—and that's pretty much Mr. Van Buren's notion too. And his notion is, too, that there ought to be a convention, to nominate a President, jest like that one a spell ago in Baltimore. One man is enuff for each State, only get the right one, and then vote by majority, jest as George Creamer did when he gave six and thirty votes for old Pennsylvany. It won't do to wait too long—its only three years more afore we shall want another President, and we ought to spring to it now jest as the Ginerall says about the Bank—that's got only three years more to run, and he is afraid it can't wind up as safely by that time as it can now, and so he's goin to give it a twist on 1st October—and we mean to follow it up till we nock it all to bits, unless Biddle resigns, and if he does, the Ginerall says he'll make me President of the Bank, and give it a new charter, and then we'll git all our folks in and make things go better there.

There is no use in Congress, or anybody else to try and corner the Ginerall—he has

thrashed double their number afore this, and if they do try to drive him in a corner, it will turn out just like a skunkin frolic—the foremost dog will get the worst on't.

By order of the Goverment.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XV.

*Favourable news of the Broker's business from Zekel
—Squire Biddle a Jackson man—A real jaw in the
Long Room—An editor put in advance of the news.*

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 9th October, 1833.

We have just got the election news from Philadelphia, and I and the General aint over and above tickled by it after all, seein that our folks promised us to get the hull on't, *and Girard's money too*. But I tell him we'll git that next year; and as we have now got the deposits out of the bank, it's glory enuff for one spell.

I got a letter from Zekel Bigelow t'other day, who I see is pretty busy now in Wall-street, and will soon take the shine off the most of the Brokers there. He says he and the rest of the Brokers got knocked all aback by Squire Biddle agreein to take the branch notes from the deposit banks, instead of lettin them banks send them away west and south themselves, and which would cost them or the Gov-

erment about 3 per cent., unless they let the Brokers do it for a trifle less. This move of Squire Biddle seems to puzzle the Brokers considerable: and Zekel says this aint the first time the Squire has trod on the toes of the Brokers. And as Zekel is now turned Broker himself, he don't seem to like the Squire as well as he used to; but he thinks the Squire can't stand it long, and that he only does it now because we have a little money left in his bank, and as soon as we take that away, and which we are doin now as fast as we can, that then the Squire will say he has nothin more to do with the Goverment, and let ev'ry bank take care of its own bills—or, as Zekel says, let ev'ry man 'skin his own skunks.' And then it's Zekel's notion the Brokers will have their day. He says, as it is, he is makin a good livin in shavin drafts from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which the U. S. Bank used to take and collect for nothin. He is however plaguy wrathly with the deposit banks in New-York makin money so plenty there; for Mr. Taney, our new Secretary of the Treasury, has tell'd 'em to use up in New York pretty much all the Goverment money they collect there (and they collect pretty much the hull on't)—and so

Zekel thinks there will be trouble away west, where they hain't got as many banks and as much mony as they have in Wall-street, and so he thinks of takin a turn down there soon, for he says there is no chance for Brokers where money is as plenty as blackberries.

The keenest folks we've got to look out for us about the country is the District Attorneys. They hain't got much to do now in the way of their office, and we make 'em attend to other matters. We've got a rale sharp little fellow to keep an eye out on Squire Biddle, and got him in the Bank too. So that the Squire can't get round him no way. That report he made to the Ginerall t'other day, was nigh upon as good as my Bank report. In some things it is much better; for my 'report' only tell'd folks what I saw, and what I knew,—but his goes a trifle further—it tells the Ginerall pretty much all about what he didn't see, and what he don't know, and that's more than most folks can do; and gives things a plaguy curious lawyer's twist, that helps us along considerable. I suppose now the Squire will answer this, and tell all about it; and we was plaguy fraid he'd do it before the election in Philadelphia. But it wo'nt do him no good

now; we have had the first lick at him, and that, the Ginerál says, is the best part of the battle. I and the Ginerál was lookin over the accounts that I had taken when I was examin in the Bank—and comparin them with this 'cute little fellow's report, and once and a while the Ginerál would snort out, I tell you. And, says he, 'Major, if by any chance we lose Amos Kindle, we must git that little District Attorney here with us—he's a puzzler, aint he?' 'That he is,' says I, 'Ginerál; but I'm afraid,' says I, 'that the Squire will puzzle him, and us too, when he comes out with his reply.'

'But there is one thing, Major,' says the Ginerál, 'that I don't see how Biddle can git round; and that is, how he dares to take upon himself to do what only could be done by the Directors. Look at the Charter; there it is as plain as A. B. C. He has no right to do a single thing, unless the Directors are all present, and agree to it.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerál, that is a puzzler; and yet all the Bank folks say he does right; and its more their business than ourn. And,' says I, 'Ginerál, come to think on't, and the notion never struck me before, but I begin now to believe that Squire Biddle is a rale Jackson man.' 'Why,' says he,

‘Major, you are as crazy as a mad rooster—how can you make that out?’ ‘Why,’ says I, ‘I do raly believe when the Squire did any thing without the Directors, he said, *I take the responsibility.*’ The Ginerall got up, stamp’d round a spell ; and, says he, ‘Major, you beat all natur.’ But this tickled the Ginerall considerable. ‘Well,’ says he, ‘Major, if I only knew he said so, I’d put all the deposits back again in the Bank to-morrow ; for I do like a man who aint afraid of responsibility.’

We come nigh havin a pretty considerable riot here last night. I and the Ginerall had been to bed about two hours, and had jest got threw talkin over matters, and got into a kinder doze, when we was startled by the tarnalest racket you ever hear tell on. The Ginerall jump’d right on eend, and run and got his hickory, and I arter him, with the only thing I could get hold on handily—‘Never mind your Regimentals and Corderoys, Major,’ says he, and down stairs we went, side by side, and I a leetle ahead on him ;—for I always like to lead into scrapes, and out of scrapes. There is a long room where the most of our folks git together, to talk over matters every night, and eat supper ; and sometimes they git into a

kinder squabble, but keep quiet. But this time some how they was in a terrible takin and smashin things. They was all at it, Editors, and Auditors, and Secretaries' Clerks, and under Post Masters, and Contractors, jawin and poundin one another, and Amos among the thickest on em. The Ginerall look'd on for about a minit, and, says he, 'Major, shall I go in, or will you? I don't like to do it,' says he, 'for they have all done us much sarvice, but we cant let this riot go on.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, do you give me your Hickory,' and, says I, 'I'll go at 'em, and make short work.' 'Take care, Major,' says he, 'how you hit, and who you hit.' 'Never mind,' says I, 'Ginerall, I'll take the responsibility.' 'Will you,' says he; 'well, here's my Hickory ;—for,' says he, 'Major, tho' I dare do eny most any thing, I must confess I dare not take *that* responsibility.' And with that he went to bed, and I went at 'em, and such a time I never had. The first clip I made was at Amos,—but he dodged it, and I hit one of the Editors of the Globe, and nocked him about into the middle of next week.—One fellow got a fryin pan and made fight, but it was no use, for in less than a minit I cleared 'em

all. As soon as they come to know who it was, they kinder tried to curry favor ; and one said one thing, and one another ; and every one tried to shuffle off upon the others ; it was a considerable spell before I could get the cause on't ; and then it turn'd out that the dispute began about the public deposits, and the next President, and a new Bank, and Mr. Duane and Squire Biddle, and Mr. Van Buren,—and all mixed up so, I couldn't make head nor tail on't.' 'Now,' says I, 'my boys, make an eend on't : ' and with that I slap'd the old Hickory down on the table, and I made their teeth chatter. 'My dander is up,' says I ; 'and one word more and I'm down upon you. What,' says I, 'a riot here at midnight—aint it glory enuff for you,' says I, 'to sarve under the Gineral ? If it ain't,' says I, 'then I'm mistaken, and Mr. Van Buren too,—for he thinks it is,—and I think so too. And now,' says I, 'no more jawin'—and I left them ; and when I got back to the Gineral, I found him in a terrible takin ; and it was nigh upon day light afore we could git to sleep. He was all the while talkin about Amos Kindle, and the rest on 'em ; and I do raly believe the Gineral would never

have gone to sleep, unless I tell'd him I would stick by him ; and whenever the folks about us got into a snarl, if he would only lend me his Hickory, ' I'd take the responsibility.'

Yours to Sarve,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XVI.

Trouble in the Cabinet—The use of Vacancies—Amos in a Panic—Mr. Van Buren's Nature and Prospects—A Rat among the Barrels.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 22d October, 1833.

MY last letter to you tell'd you about that 'ere scuffle I had among some of our folks down stairs ; and do you know it has been nigh bringing war among us. Mr. Van Buren came down here all in a lather about it. He was plaguy fraid there would be more voluntary dismissals ; and he says it won't do to have too many of them all at once, or the folks about the country will begin to think that we ain't *units*. Some on 'em did try, I suspect, to make muddy water between me and the Ginerál ; for one day when I was busy doin up some writin for the Ginerál, he was called out, and had a long talk with Mr. Van Buren and Amos Kindle, and some more on 'em ; and when he came back, says he, ' Major, I wish you and I was at the Hermitage.' ' Why,'

says I, 'how so, Ginerel?' 'Well, I don't know exactly why,' says he, 'but I don't see,' says he, 'what use there is in my bein here, for things are gittin now so mixed up, that I can't tell exactly what is best to do to get Mr. Van Buren in. Do you know, Major,' says he, 'that Mr. Van Buren says he don't think it was right to move the deposits.' 'Why how you talk!' says I. 'Didn't he advise it?' 'Well, so I thought,' says the Ginerel; 'but he says it would be best only to hold it up by the tail, as you do a fox, and keep all the dogs barking for it; for as soon as you throw the fox in the crowd, a few old Jowlers grab hold, and the rest don't git a mouthfull; and then comes trouble.'

'Well,' says I, 'Ginerel, that's true enuff, and that's jest the way we are doin now with the minister to England, and some other appointments; we must keep the folks smellin round, and one vacancy *to fill*,' says I, 'is worth a dozen filled up.' 'But, Major, that ain't the worst trouble now,' says the Ginerel; and he got up, and stomped about, and then came back and filled his pipe, and stomped about agin, without lightin it. I see there was trouble brewin. Says he, 'Major, I don't care

so much about it myself; but they say *you* must make Amos Kindle an apology for that blow you aimed at him tother night.' And with that I riz right up, and walked straight up chamber, and put on my rigementals, and my cocked hat, and hooked on my sword, and went strait down stairs to Amos. 'Here,' says I, 'Mister, the Ginerall says you want to say somethin to me.' 'O no, Major,' says he, 'there must be some mistake.' 'Well then,' says I, 'it is that you want me to say somethin to you.' 'O no,' says he, 'that's a greater mistake.' I looked at him for about a minit; and he shook like a North Carolina ague. Says he, 'Major, I suspect the Ginerall meant you to look over with me a statement I am gittin up, showing how much mony Mr. Clay has received of the Bank; it is almost done,' says he, 'and I'll bring it up for you and the Ginerall, and Mr. Van Buren to see.' 'Very well,' says I, 'that's enuff.' And back I went to the Ginerall; and as soon as I got in front of him, I stopped. 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, what was that you was sayin a while ago that you wanted me to do?' The Ginerall was stumped; he looked at me a spell, and says he, 'Major, I reckon I've forgot it; and sup-

pose we say no more about it.' And jest then in came Mr. Van Buren, and shortly after Amos came in, and we all sot down, and began to figer up the 'counts that our little District Attorney had been sendin to Amos Kindle, about the money the Bank had paid to Mr. Clay for his sarvices from the time Mr. Cheves employed him to sue the folks away West there, when the Bank closed up one of its branches. And it figers up pretty considerable. And Amos has got it so fixed, that it looks for all the world like 'bribery and corruption;' and we are comin out with it, and a good deal more too; and if it dont't kill Clay, I'm mistaken.

The Ginerall is as wrathly as thunder about Clay's journey north, and Mr. Van Buren don't like it a bit nother. But the Ginerall tells Mr. Van Buren, if so be that the folks north and south, and all about creation, take a notion to Mr. Clay, and think he would make a better President than Mr. Van Buren,—then he, the Ginerall, will hold on for a 3d heat; and that's about my notion too. Mr. Van Buren would stand a good chance in a race, when a good many are runnin, and if the ground is muddy and slippery; for he is a

master hand at trippin folks. But I'm afraid he'd stand a slim chance over a clear field. And it ain't fair to make him run so. Any man can catch a rat in a strait race, because he ain't used to it; but give him a few old barrels and logs to dodge round, then, I tell you, it's pretty tuff work.

I hain't had a letter from Zekel Bigelow for some time. I raly begin to think that crittur has left Wall-street, and gone East with Mr. Clay—can you find out, and let me know?

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[MAJOR DOWNING.—We were just preparing an article, going to show that we doubted the authenticity of the remarks of our friend of the Portland Courier, who claims to be the only publisher of Major Downing's Letters, by stating what we before asserted, that we believed ourselves his only publishers, when by due course of the mail we received the following letter from the Major himself. We find that we, like our friend in Portland, were equally hoodwinked by this astute politician, who led us, by inuendo at least, to believe we individually were his exclusive publishers; and now it turns out that he, like other politicians of the day, dealt out his notions to suit latitudes—'hogs' fat to one, and fresh butter to another.' We but do the Major common justice in believing that his letters originally published in this paper (now to the number of about twenty, and some pretty considerable long ones), embracing his invaluable Bank Report, contributed mainly, and we had almost said exclusively, to his present celebrity. We have no other interest, however, than to see in the event of a publication, that our hero may not have occasion to say he has been shorn of his fame by his friends, in publishing his 'hogs' lard' and not his 'fresh butter' letters.—Eds]

LETTER XVII.

Major Downing acknowledges all his juvenile Productions—His Apology for writing better now than formerly.

To my Old Friend of the Portland Courier.

Washington, October 27, 1833.

I SEE by the public papers you are about to print my letters to you—and you say I have written no other letters except those I writ to you. Why, my good old friend, if I had

never quit Downingville, and never looked beyend your little Courier, I should never have been so great a man as I now be. Suppose Mr. Van Buren had never done any thing out of Kinderhook, do you think he would be as great a man as he is now ? And the Ginerall too—suppose he had stuck to the Hermitage, do you suppose he would be President ? No, no—this is a pretty considerable of a country ; and what suits one part of it don't another—and as soon as I saw what a shocking big place New-York was, says I, 'Now I'll do more than write for Portland ;' and as I knowed my old friend Dwight had about as big and round a head as most folks in the printin line, and once a friend is always so, I took to write to him too ; and you and he are the only ones I ever writ a word to. I didn't trouble you about many things I thought best to write to him about ; because you don't know as much your way about some things, as you do about others. And I got so mixed up with great public affairs, that you wouldn't know no more about what I was at, than if I had got the Ginerall to write you in Latin.

Now, if you want to print my letters in a book. you had better git my old friend Dwight

to give you all the letters I writ to him too ; for, to tell you the truth, when I writ to him, I laid out a good deal of pains ; and it was jest like goin to market—you know what suits Portland won't suit York ; hogs' lard will do for one, but the other won't take nothin but fresh butter to fry their fish with.

Little and Holden, of Philadelphia wanted to print my letters to Mr. Dwight, and they say they will give pictures with them, on eny most every page, and have my likeness, and the Ginerals's, and Mr. Van Buren's, and Squire Biddle's, and all the Downingville folks too. If you can manage with them and Mr. Dwight, and git them altogether, it would be better, and then all the kounterfits would stand no chance.

But you can do as you please about that ; only I now tell you, that my letters to Mr. Dwight are, if any thing, a leetle better than my letters to you ; and folks think more on 'em than they do of any others I ever writ ; and if it warn't for them I might have been Major Jack Downing to be sure, but I would not have been

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XVIII.

*Flattering prospects of the President's Message—
Indian Rights and Wrongs.*

To my old friend, Mr. Dwight, of the New-York Daily
Advertiser.

Washington, 2d Nov. 1833.

THE Congressmen are jest beginnin to arrive here, and I suppose in a short time we shall have them here as thick as huckleberries; and the Ginerall is brushin round now, and says the Message must be finished and painted off hand, and we are all as busy as bees in gittin it dove-tailed together; and after next week, the Ginerall says, there can't be any more alterations. It is the first Message I ever had any hand in; and tho' I say it, I guess you will say it is about as complete a thing as ever was sent express anywhere.

I have been to work on it ever since we was at the Rip-Raps; and tho' it has been all pulled to bits, to git in some notions, we didn't think on, yet it will look pretty slick, I tell you, when it's done; and we will lay

on paint enuff to kiver up all the cracks and seams.

We shall give a pretty good lick at the Bank, and won't leave as much on't standin as would make a good sized oven. It is curius now to see how easy it is to build up, or nock all to bits, any thing on paper. Now jest see about the Bank—there it stands in Chesnut-street, with its hundred cord of specie, and its cart-load of books; and its branches here and there, and all busy, and full of clarks and directors, and folks in Europe, and all about creation dealin with it; and the Brokers in Wall-street all busy about it: and Biddle's bills goin about, and most folks thinkin they are better than hard dollars; and all the old men and women holdin the stock, supposin it will go up agin as high as they paid for it; and I, and the Ginerall, and Amos Kindle, and Mr. Van Buren talkin over it—and one line in the Message nocks it all into kindlin-wood. For, you see, when 'the Goverment' says a thing must be jest so, there is no help for it—we can't stand to chat about trifles. The Ginerall has broken three pipes the last time we talked about it. 'Biddle and the Bank

must be smashed,' says he, 'Major,'—and so smash they go, Congress or no Congress.

The next thing was the Ingins. Here the Gineral to hum—and I don't pretend to say nothin, for I never did like an Ingin, and never can. The Cherokees give us a good deal of trouble in Georgia last year; but the Gineral took sides with Georgia, because he had a good many friends there, and Mr. Van Buren had too; for that state was the only one that nominated him Vice-President a spell ago; and if he had got in there, and Mr. Crawford President, who was ailin all over with some plaguy *appleplexy*—I and the Gineral would never have been hearn on arterward. But no matter—the Gineral says he didn't make that treaty with the Cherokees—and it was made so long ago, he has eny most forgot it—and treaties oughtn't to last for ever. But this treaty with the Creeks in Alabama, he did make, and he knows all about it; and he means to stand by it, and turn all the squatters off the land in Alabama, jest as they wanted him to do in Georgia—but he wouldn't—there is trouble enuff about it, I tell you—and you don't know nothin about it in York; but the Gineral is tikled to

death about it ; and as soon as he saw the Proclamation of the Governor of Alabama, you never see a crittur so spruced up as the Ginerall was. 'Major,' says he, 'by the eternal, we shall have another Nullification this Congress, arter all. You needn't say much about it,' says he, 'in the Message,—we'll keep that for a Proclamation.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, you are a master-hand at gittin into trouble.' 'But,' says he, 'Major, ain't I a master one in gittin out of one?' says he.

We've got an old trunk up-chamber, full of troubles—old laws, and treaties, and contracts, and state claims—and whenever we want any powder, all we've got to do is to open that, and snook among old papers, and get up a row in no time. The Ginerall likes this a leetle better than I do, for the most of the labour falls on me ; and the only way I can git rid of it is to make our folks down stairs do it, if I see it gives any on 'em a boost with his party—for I don't care nothin about any thing here but the Ginerall ; and if I can git him threw this Congress, its pretty much all I care about, and he too ; for arter that, I'm goin with him to the Hermitage, for I

expect by that time there wont be much more left of us than our beards and shoe-strings.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XIX.

The President's Plan for managing the Bank and the Country—Hunt for lost Spectacles—How and where they were found.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 12th November, 1833.

I HAVE always been tellin the General, as you know, that of all troubles there was none so tuff to git round as money troubles, and when such matters git in a snarl it was worse than tryin to straiten a melitia line arter dinner. I was always afraid that we was gittin too many folks to handle the money, and to be figerin at the 'counts. Ever since I was a boy I always had a notion that the fewer hands in countin the better, and the less you handle money the better, for the more you handle it, somehow, the less it grows. And then agin I tell'd the General, over and over agin, 'Don't meddle with the Bank,' says I; 'the money is safe enuff there, and one pocket,' says I, 'Gineral, is better than twenty.' But you know when I was in New-York with Ze-
kel Bigelow tryin to find out the cause of

money bein scarce, and when Zekel broke his watch showin me how the United States Bank worked among other banks, the folks somehow got round the Ginerale, and the deposits was removed.

I have been lookin out for trouble ever since, though I was bound to stick to the Ginerale, right or wrong, as I telled him I would.

Tother day, when we came to that part of the message where we have to speak of mony matters, we sent for Mr. Taney, our new Secretary of the Treasury, to bring in his accounts. He warn't quite ready, for he ain't as quick at siferin yet as he will be to rights; so we waited for him a spell, and left a place here and there in the message, jest big enuff to put in figers: and so last night the Ginerale sent agin, and said he must have the 'counts, 'ready or not ready,' and up they came, sure enuff, and not more than half-cooked; but the Ginerale won't wait for nothin when he's in a hurry. 'Now,' says he, 'Major, turn to and see how they stand with last year.' And so at it I went, comparin all the amounts of outlays, the Ginerale all the while smokin and thinkin pretty hard, with his feet up on the mantle. I figered up the sums pretty quick,

considerin there was a good many on 'em called *estimates*; and when I got to the eend on't, 'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, you know I tell'd you that we could git up and put down nullification in no time—we could turn out a cabinet and appint other folks—we could send ministers abroad, and let 'em come home as soon as they pleased, and send other folks in their places, and give all full pay too—we could nock the United States Bank and Squire Biddle all into splinters—we could let our folks go on the Ingin lands in one place and drive them off in other places, and git up an Ingin War—and appint new officers here and there—and have new auditors to settle counts—and let things go on in the Post Office and Land Office pretty much to suit the folks there—and instead of havin one Bank for our mony, scatter it about among the banks of our friends. All this we could do, and have done, and have taken the responsibility too, and the folks like us the better for it; but,' says I, 'when they come to see what it all costs there'll be trouble, now I tell you,' says I.

'Why, Major,' says the Gineral, 'what's the matter? ain't 'the Government' economical?'

says he : 'do you expect to make reforms without costin somethin ? Can you clear up swamps, and cut ditches, and remove old stumps without expense ?' 'Yes,' says I, 'Gineral, that's all true. But, plague on't,' says I, 'it's ben goin on so now nigh upon 5 years ; and,' says I, 'it keeps costin more and more, and we are nearer bein swamp'd and stump'd than ever—here,' says I, 'now jest look and see what 'the Government' costs now, and what it cost when Mr. Adams was President ; and that ain't the worst on't,' says I, 'our money is here, there, and everywhere ; and I don't see how we shall find it when we want it.'

As soon as I mention'd the amount of the sums I had figered up, the Gineral jumps up, and he did stomp about a spell, I tell you—he smash'd down his pipe, and it flew into more than forty pieces—says he, 'Major, ain't you mistaken ?' 'No,' says I, 'thare's no mistake about me, Gineral.' 'Let me see them accounts,' says he ; and he begun to feel for his spectacles, first in one pocket, and then in another—for he had no less than 7 pockets besides his watch fob—and he couldn't find his spectacles—says he, 'Major, have you seen



The Spectacles found.—p. 125.

my spectacles?' 'No,' says I, 'Gineral, I hain't—where do you keep 'em?' says I—'Why,' says he, 'I used always to keep 'em in this side breast-pocket, but I have been so pester'd lately, I must have chang'd pockets'—'That's bad,' says I, 'Gineral, especially,' says I, 'when one wants any thing in a hurry. Now,' says I, 'I only keep one pocket; and I got that notion,' says I, 'from Squire Biddle, for he keeps eny most every thing in one pocket, and he can tell in a minit pretty much all about eny thing.'

The Gineral kept all the while feelin and turnin his pockets inside out, but no spectacles. Says he, 'Major, I reckon them 'ere spectacles are somewhere in one of these pockets, and I'll find 'em,' says he, 'if I have to take my shirt off;' and at it he went, and he off coat and jacket, and I don't know what all, and I all the while shakin 'em to find the spectacles—by-and-by I see a hole in his pantaloons-pocket; 'I'm on track now,' says I, 'Gineral; here's a hole:' and, sure enuff, when he came to take off his boots, there was his best gold-rim specs, and all broke to flinders—and if we hadn't been lookin for 'em, and if I hadn't seen that 'ere hole, you never would say

they ever had been specs, for they were all jam'd to nothin.

There was a curious notion then jest come into my head, and I stood stock still, holdin the Ginerals' pantaloons in one hand and his right boot upside down in tother, and there lay the specs on the floor (or what there was left on 'em); and the Ginerals stood lookin at me with eny most nothin on him, and the Message and the 'Treasury 'counts and my slate lay on the table—there warn't a word said for more than 10 minits—an awful time to stand so.

So to rights the Ginerals he spoke, and says he, 'Major, what are you thinkin on?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerals, I was thinkin,' says I, 'if you had kept your spectacles in your side breast-pocket, they would be on your nose now; but,' says I, 'that ain't the worst on't, I'm afeard,' says I, 'Ginerals, we've got too many pockets for our money, and when we want it we shall all have to come to our shirts and boots before we find it.'

The Ginerals got as hornety as all nature at this; and says he, 'Major, I wish now you was only Calhoun, or Biddle, or Clay, or M'Duffy, or Don Pedro, or Black Hawk, or

any one but Major Downing—for I feel as if I should like to give some one a thrashing.' 'Why,' says I, 'Gineral, you ain't mad nor nothin, be you? for I am too,' says I; 'and ev'ry time I look at the 'counts,' says I, 'I feel as if I would like to git hold of some one, and thrash 'em too,'—and so we stomped about a spell, cussin and discussin most things, till we got cool agin—but it was a considerable of a storm, I tell you.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XX.

Account of the important difference between common 'Specs' and Magical Glasses; showing by plain matters of fact, how much more difficult it is to see through the latter than it is the former.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the New-York Daily Advertiser, who prints none but my own genuine letters—

Washington, 30th, Nov. 1833.

THE last letter I writ you tell'd you about the hunt we had arter the Ginerals specs, and when we found 'em they was all stomp'd to bits in his boot. The Ginerals and all on us have been in trouble ever since about it, for they was given to him by Mr. Van Buren the very day Mr. Van Buren came to jine him at Washington as Secretary of State, and he tell'd the Ginerals never to let nobody handle them are specs but himself, and that when they got out of order, never to let nobody mend 'em but himself. And, do you know, so particular was the Ginerals, that when Mr. Van Buren was absent, I have known him to send them specs clean to England for Mr. Van Buren to fix 'em for h m; for they had a

dozen little screws and springs to 'em, that sometimes would get out of order, and when that was the case, you couldn't see no more threw 'em than you could threw Mr. Van Buren himself. As soon then as we found 'em all broke to bits, as I tell'd you in my last letter, the Ginerel was in the greatest trouble I ever see; and he wrote right off to Mr. Van Buren about it, and sent the letter by express clear to Albany, where Mr. Van Buren was; and until that express got back agin, the Ginerel could do nothing with business. He was as bad off as an owl in the sunshine. So to rights the express got back, and brought a letter from Mr. Van Buren, and a new pair of specs—jest like the old ones (afore they was broken)—there wan't a might of difference.

He put 'em on, and he looked as natural agin in 'em as ever. 'Aha!' says he, 'Major, these are the specs, after all. 'Tis strange,' says he, 'I can't see things with Governor Cass's specs, nor Governor Woodberry's, nor anybody's, as well as I can with these, for they are jest like the pair I broke;'—and then he read Mr. Van Buren's letter. 'See here now, Major,' says the Ginerel, 'how kind it is in

Mr. Van Buren to caution me, agin and agin, not to touch the screws ; and do you know,' says the General, ' that ever since I have had Mr. Van Buren with me, that whenever we come to read over any long statement about politics, and who to appint, or what to do with the Bank, or any thing that required sharp looking into, he would always first examine my specs, and take 'em off to the window, or to a corner with a light, and see that all was right, and try 'em himself, and then bring 'em back to me ; for, as he says (and he is a knowin crittur) that unless I can see well into every thing, I best see nothin.'

A kinder notion than jest began to git in my head that I couldn't scratch out all I could do. And says I, ' General, I would like now peskily to examine them specs ; for if Mr. Van Buren has not got a patent for 'em (and seein he is Vice-President, and don't need one), I think of gitting one myself.' ' Well,' says the General, ' I never like to refuse you nothin ; but Mr. Van Buren made me promise never to let nobody examine into 'em, and especially you ; for,' says he, ' Major, do you know that Mr. Van Buren has a notion you know a good deal about contrivances, and that it is the

natur of your people Down East : and it might be he intends to git a patent himself for these very specs ; and if so, he ought to have it, for he says they are jest as much his *invention* as your letters are yourn.' 'Well,' says I, 'its no matter.' But I got a kink in me to examin them are specs ; and I couldn't sleep, nor eat, nor drink, till I got hold on 'em. So one night, when I and the Ginerall had ben readin over the Message, and it was all finished and complete, he put his name to it ; 'And now,' says he, 'Major, do^{you} attend to the printin on't, and git about 100 copies on't to send to our folks who are distant, so they can git it as soon and a little afore the opposition folks can send it express, after it is delivered to Congress ;' and so he went to bed, for he was eny most beat out. 'Now,' thinks I, 'for a try at them specs'—for I was all the while thinkin on 'em ; and the public work couldn't go on without 'em. And so I snook'd' em out, and clapp'd them on—the Ginerall all the while snorin like a north-wester.

As soon as I took up the Message, and look'd at it, I couldn't make head nor tail on't. It seem'd to me jest, for all the world like one of them show-boxes—all the letters and figers was

goin round and round, and look'd all the while like some of them crouds we see last summer on the *grand tower*, throwin up hats, and cryin huzza for the Ginerál and Major Downing, and Mr. Van Buren ; and then, agin, there was a great glare, and it seem'd jest as if the Ginerál was in the middle on't, and Mr. Van Buren, and Major Barry, and Amos Kindle, and a raft more of our folks, all seem'd to be standing round, firing off rockets ; they would squirt up over the Ginerál, and burst, and then shower down stars (jest 's' folks tell on tother night when the stars all did git a caperin)—and jest as they would come nigh the Ginerál those stars would git together and burst agin ; and then you could see nothin but 'glory,' and not a mite of the Ginerál.

'Well,' thinks I, 'if the Ginerál can read the Message with these specs, it's more than I can.' But I stuck to it, I kept turnin over the leaves till I got to the Treasury Accounts and the Bank business, and the deposits, and matters of such nature,—I had read all that over so often before, with the Ginerál, I had it all by heart. But when I came to look at it through them specs, it was no more like it than I am like Mr. Van Buren. The accounts was all

jumbled up, and then came another spell of 'glory' agin; the letters and figers all turnin into a crowd of folks and throwin up hats: and there was Squire Biddle standin at the door of his Bank, and Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun, and a crowd more of such chaps about him, with clubs in their hands, keepin off our folks, who all seem'd to be tryin to git into the windows; and some had got in and was jest comin out with bags on their backs, and among 'em I could see the cashiers of the new Deposit Banks, with as much as they could stagger under, and all carryin a label with 'glory' and 'huzza for Ginerel Jackson,' and then agin up went another batch of rockets! and there was the Ginerel in another blaze of 'glory;' and jest as fast as I turn'd over the leaves, and look'd a spell, every thing would git to caperin agin, and end in a blow up; and I could jest git a glimps of the Ginerel, all kivered up in 'glory.'

Well, thinks I, if things look so to the Ginerel, as they do to me threw these specs, I don't wonder so much that he don't always see 'em as other folks do; and then I went to work, lookin into the contrivance; I give one screw a twist one way, and the glasses flew

round like a flash ; and I took up the Message agin, and had another look, the letters and figures would all jump about a spell, and change sides ; and when you come to read 'em, they warnt nothin like what I had written 'em ; so I kept on turnin the screws, and slippin the springs, and every time I'd try another look, things kept all the while lookin different—and by-and-by I got 'em so that things look'd jest as they are ; and as they look threw most specs. 'Well,' thinks I, 'if this don't beat all natur.'—And the more I look'd into the contrivance of them are specs, the more I began to think that they knew a thing or two in Albany. 'And now,' thinks I, 'I'll leave these specs as they now are, and let the Ginerall take a look at things as he used to, before Mr. Van Buren gave him a pair of spectacles.' And so the next morning, when the Ginerall come into the Cabinet-room up-chamber, the first thing he said, says he, 'Major, I'll take good care how I put these specs in my pantaloons-pocket agin.' And he took 'em out of his side-pocket, and begun rubbin 'em ; 'Now,' says he, 'Major, jest let me take another look at that Message. I want to see,' says he, 'how the Treasury 'counts and the Bank matters look

once more, for, do you know,' say she, 'Major, I don't know much about figers, and every time I read that over, I'd get puzzled. But I suppose it's all right; and as soon as I git puzzled with such matters, or any other matters, I seem to think the people understand it if I don't; for I can almost swear I can see 'em jest as glad, let me do or say what I will, as they all was on the *grand tower*; and that's enuf.' So I turned over the Message to that part the Ginerall wanted to see; and he put on his specs, and went on to readin it.

I kept my eye on him; he look'd a spell, and blink'd, and twisted his mouth, and took off his specs and rubb'd 'em, and look'd agin and blink'd, and twisted his eyebrows, laid the Message on his knees, and begun to reckon on his fingers—for he is a master-hand at that, and can do a sum so, nigh upon as quick as I can with a slate—so to rights, says he, 'Major, I don't like the looks of this a bit.' 'How so,' says I? 'Well,' says he, 'I don't know, but it don't look as it used to.' And with that he lookd up over the mantel-tree piece—and started back, and look'd agin, and twisted his eyebrows and lips plagily; and to rights says he, 'Major, whose likeness is that in plaster?'

‘Why,’ says I, ‘that’s Mr. Van Buren, and a good likeness too.’ ‘Well, whose is that?’ ‘Why that’s yourn,’ says I, ‘and it looks for all the world like you’—and with that he jump’d up and took his Hickory, and with one lick he smashed both on ’em into powder. Jist then in come Amos Kindle with some newspapers, and the Gineral walk’d right up to him with his Hickory in one hand, and the other hand holdin on his spectacles—the Gineral blinked at him a spell, Amos bowed—‘Who are you?’ says the Gineral; ‘what do you want?’ and jest as he was going to speak, the Gineral fetched him a clip, and if he hadn’t been a master-hand at dodging, you’d a heard no more on him : he streaked it for the door, and got out in time. ‘Major,’ says the Gineral (taking off his specs to give ’em another wipe), ‘warn’t that Calhoun, or was it Duff Green? ’twas one or tother of them slim streaked-looking fellers, I’m sartin.’ I see there was no time to lose, and at this rate the Gineral would smash all the lookingg-lasses, and the Message too, and every thing else about him, if I couldn’t git them are specs back agin, to fix the screws jest as Mr. Van Buren had ’em, so that he could see ‘glory’ agin

and nothin else ; and so I tell'd the Ginerall to let me wipe his specs : and as soon as I got 'em, I screw'd 'em back to the old place, and ever since that, things go on smooth agin. I don't like to show the Ginerall the nature of this contrivance yet of Mr. Van Buren's, but when Congress gets agoin, we shall have high times, and when the good time comes to let the Ginerall see things as they are, without any 'glory,' I'll jest git his spectacles, and give them a twist back to a *plain sight*, and if you don't see trouble among some of our folks I'm mistaken. The Message now being done, and Congress jest getting together, I shall have more time to write to you.

I wish you'd git a 'black pony' goin this season, like the folks did last year, who print a paper down-cellar under yourn, and if you don't let him run so nigh Sunday as they did, I'll send all my letters by him.

Yours, &c.,

J. DOWNING, Major.

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXI.

*Plan of the President's Message to Congress—and of
a Cabinet Supper—Song for the Important Occasion
—Please not to call the Major Jack Downing.*

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 9th December, 1833.

MY last letter tell'd you about that diskov-
ery I made in the natur of the Gineral's specs
—and that the Message I had been to work
on for some time was jest finished—but the
very next day we had to take it all to bits,
and spring to and write eny most the hull of a
new one, for we found we had gone too much
into particulars, especially about the 'counts;
and letters from Mr. Van Buren advised us to
say as little about such matters as possible,
for Congress would only make us tell pretty
much the hull on't over agin—and the best
way was to say little at first, and trust to luck
and chance afterward. As soon as the Gine-
ral came to know of this, says he, 'Major,
you must look out and keep in that Latin
about the Bank anyhow.' So we kept that

in, but it was plaguy troublesome to make it work well with the rest on't, for when you come to make English on't, it reads that the Ginerall would have taken the Bank by the throat right off, if he thought he could make that Latin pill operate afore the charters expire—and then agin he says the Bank does wrong in bringing its business to a close so rapidly as it is now doing. There is one thing however that's true enuff, for seein that Judge Marshall is a stubborn know-nothin kind of crittur, and would have a finger in givin the Bank that pill the Ginerall speaks of in Latin, I don't believe it would have operated afore the charter expired, if it had 40 years more to run—so there is more wit and cunnin in what the Ginerall says than folks think for.

There was another thing puzzled us tu a trifle about the Bank. Last year, when we thought it had no rale chink in it, the Ginerall thought best to take the deposits away from it; but since I tell'd the Ginerall in my Bank Report there was more than 100 cords of the rale grit, we had to say in the Message they had too much.

The Post Office accounts was the next bother; and that puzzled all on us peskily.

But we got round that by a very lucky discovery; and you see by the Message there has ben an error in keepin the 'counts in the post office ever since Ginerel Washington's time; and every Postmaster Ginerel, up to Major Barry's time, never found it out; and it was so curious that he took nigh upon 5 years to git at it. But it's all clear now, for he is an amazin sharp feller at siferin. We struck out all about the *Grand Tower*, for Clay has been over the same ground, and Mr. Van Buren thought it was best to say nothin about it. And it warn't thought best too to say nothin about the Nullifiers, for some of Mr. Van Buren's friends in Georgia, headed by Crawford, are gittin up Nullification there, worse than Calhoun's last winter, and it makes all the difference in the world when you come to see that one's own friends are doin what our enemies did afore.

As soon as we sent the Message to Congress, we set about gittin up a supper for all our folks who had ben to work on't, and we had a grand time; all our Majors was there. The Ginerel was so beat out, he didn't stay long; but some on 'em kept it up till nigh daylight.

We had some rale good songs too; and one

of our Majors is a plaguy sharp singer. I got a copy of one on 'em ; but I hain't got time now to send you the hull on't : so I'll jest give you 3 varses only.

Come, comrades, one and all,
Here assembled in the hall,
Lest us sing of times past, present, and to come ;
We have every thing at stake,
And our fortunes yet to make,
(And the public good is now-a-days " a hum.

Times past have all gone by,
And old laws are " all my eye,"
The *present* and the *future* we are sure in,
When the Gineral's time is up,
We'll fill again the cup,
And drink to Amos Kindle and Van Buren.

We have no one now to thank
For a discount at the Bank,
Since we've got the public money from Nick Biddle,
And as we alone have ernt it,
We'll use it as we want it,
Security is now-all fiddle diddle.

I wish you would tell folks to stop callin me *Jack* Downing—'twas well enuff when I warn't quite as much up in the world as I now be ; and it was jest so with Mr. Van Buren—folks would keep callin him '*Mat* .' but it warn't right, and it ain't good manners nuther. And there is another thing I don't like ; but I

don't care so much about it (for I ain't asham'd of any letter I ever did write), and that is printin in a book all the Letters I *first* rit, and mixin up other Letters and Sam Patch, and callin some of my Letters to you counterfits. As soon as I git the Ginerall threw this Congress, I'll turn to and git my Letters all together that I writ to you, beginnin with the *Grand Tower*. Major Earl is drawin my likeness, and the Ginerall's, and Mr. Van Buren's, and the most of our folks for me. He is a master hand at it; and Zekel Bigelow tells me if I'll give him the copyright, he'll new shingle our old barn for nothin. How comes on your book about the Hartford Convention? The Ginerall wants you to send him a copy on't as soon as it is done—he wants to see how nigh Yankee Nullification comes to Nullification now-a-days.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXII.

Character of Mr. Clay—Art of War—A pitched and drawn Battle on the U. S. Bank—Amnesty and Overtures—Truce—Statu quo ante bellum—A Walk—A Button off—Tailor's Shop—The Button Scene—The Major's Success at a new Trade—The Bank worth a Button.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, Dec. 14th, 1833.

WE have got business enuf now on our hands, I tell you ; and nigh upon every day we have a squall that brings all hands to the helm. We have had fair wind so long, that few on us know exactly how to steer now-a-days, when every wind comes right in our teeth. I hain't had my coat off since Congress met ; and the Ginerál says we must watch them fellows closely. 'Keep a sharp look out, Major,' says he, 'on Clay—he is a *bold, independent* fellow, and will speak out his notions if the devil stands at the door ; and if he had the people with him,' says the Ginerál, 'as I have, there is no tellin what trouble he would give us. He would make as good

a Ginerl as ever was. But it will never do *to trust that man with power.* 'Very well,' says I, 'Ginerl—but, plague on't,' says I, 'the crittur somehow keeps law on his side all the while.' 'That's true enuf,' says the Ginerl, 'and therefore we must keep a sharper eye on him, and the time is come now, Major, when we must all on us try our popularity—for when the law is agin us, we shan't have nothin else to stand on.—There is nothin,' says the Ginerl, 'like war-times, Major—for then, when these troublesome fellows talk about law I'd give 'em martial law, and that makes short work.'

Jest after breakfast yesterday, I and the Ginerl had a high time together. I had ben expecting every day to see the Bank come out with a *reply*; and I tell'd the Ginerl, says I, 'Ginerl, I'm afraid we'll git a stumper from Philadelphy one of these days, that will nock us all into kindlin-wood.' But he kept sayin there was no fear of that. 'Why,' says he, 'Major,' you forgit that we first give the Bank a most mortal welkin 3 years ago and left 'em no other defence than to print reports and speeches; and that show'd they hadn't much spunk; and we have been criplin

on 'em ever since. And when I see they began to stagger, I give 'em our hull battery, and opened upon 'em in flank, front, and rear, our sharp shooters, headed by that amazin cute little District Attorney, open'd first on 'em. Then come my Proclamation—and then my Message—and then Mr. Tany's report—and the Globe all the while throwin shells and rockets. 'Why,' says the Ginerall, gittin up and takin his Hickory, and givin it a whack on the floor—'if the Bank stands all that racket, Major, it's tuffer than a pepperage log. No, no, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'don't you fear that the Bank will ever say a word in reply—it's as dead now,' says the Ginerall, 'as a skin'd racoon.' And the words warn't out of his mouth afore in came a hull bundle of letters and newspapers, and the first thing I see among 'em was the 'Bank reply.' 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, here's trouble!—here's the very thing,' says I, 'I've been afraid on all the while.' The Ginerall laft a spell; and says he, 'Major, suppose you and I now jest take a bout, and you'll see how easy I can nock that reply into nothin.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, its a bargain.—Now,' says I, 'let us sit down, and you may take,' says I, 'the Globe, or our

District Attorney's report, or your Proclamation, or your Message, or Mr. Tany's report—any one on 'em,—or,' says I, 'come to think on't, you may take 'em all together,—for they are pretty much *all one*—and I'll take this 'Bank reply,' and then let's see what kind of a fight it will turn out.' 'Well,' says the General, 'you are a man of spunk, Major, and I like you for it: and if I make a prisoner on you, I'll treat you like a brave soldier.' 'And so will I you, General,' says I, 'and if you fall in the fight,' says I, 'General, I'll bury you,' says I, 'with the honors of war;' and then we shook hands. 'Now, Major,' says the General, 'as I am to begin the fight, don't you fire till I fire, and then we'll go threw, shot by shot.' 'Well,' says I, 'I want to know first, if I have a right to fire back *your shot*, if they miss me, and I can pick 'em up?' 'O yes,' says the General, 'that's fair in war.' 'Use the enemies shot and shells, and guns too, if you can, Major,—*that's the true art of war*.' The General all the while kept fixing his papers all in a string on one side the table. He put his own Messages and Proclamation in the middle, and flank'd off with our District Attorney and Mr. Tany's reports; and then he sifted

the Globe about, and call'd them *scouts* and *foragers*—‘There,’ says he, ‘Major, I am now nearly ready;’ and he took off his specs, and gin ’em a good rubbin and put ’em on agin. ‘Now, Major,’ says he, ‘take your station.’ And I went round tother side, and sat down. ‘Are you ready?’ says the Ginerall.—‘All ready,’ says I—and at it we went. The Ginerall, he open’d his fire first, as agreed; and he fir’d away from his first Message—And then his second—then he took the Globe, and then the reports,—and he blaz’d away like all wrath, for an hour; and as soon as he stop’d to take breath—‘Now,’ says I, ‘its my time,’—and I read the reply a spell, and answered all he said in three minits. And I gin him a look! The Ginerall twisted his face most shockin, and scratched his head too. But he went at it agin as spunky as ever; for he is an amazin tuff crittur in a fight, and hangs on like a snappin turtle when he gits hold. He banged away a spell agin like all natur; and jest as he took his specs off to give ’em a rub, I gin him the reply agin. The Ginerall gin his face another plagy hard rumple; and I sot waitin for him to fire agin. Says he, ‘Major, that’s a sharp piece you are firin with there.’ ‘It’s a peeler,’

says I, 'Gineral, I tell you—but you hain't got the best on't yet—it's jest gettin warm, says I.

'Major,' says the Gineral, 'suppose we change batteries—let me take that reply, and you take all these documents. I like to fight,' says the Gineral, 'when there is ten to one agin me.' 'So do I,' says I, 'Gineral, and so we'd better fight it out as we sit.'

The Gineral looked a spell at his paper agin ; and, says he, 'Major, I reckon we had better have a truce.' 'Not now,' says I, 'I've got my hand in now, and want to see the fight out.' 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'you see, Major, what comes when any one attempts to drive the executive;' and with that he got up, and took off his specs, and put 'em in his pocket, and put on his hat and took his Hickory, and fetched a whack on the table,—'VETO,' says he—'That's enuff,' says I, 'Gineral.'

'And now,' says the Gineral, 'let's go and take a walk'—and so we went. The Gineral didn't say nothin for more than a mile, and I nother. So, to rights, says he, 'Major, everybody says money is very scarce.' 'That's true enuf,' says I, 'and it's not got as scarce as it will be



Major Downing sewing on the General's Button.—p. 149.

afore winter is over ;' and then I tell'd the Ginerel the cause on't. ' Well,' says the Ginerel, ' I believe you are right ; and if the worst comes to the worst,' says he, ' we'll have a new Bank, and that will make money plenty agin, wont it ?' ' Yes,' says I, ' I suppose so ; but we can't git a new Bank, Ginerel, afore this one's time is out, and that's nigh three years yet ; and long afore that time,' says I, ' there will be trouble enuf, as this one must all the while be collectin in its own money ; and folks will fail, and be bankrupt ; and then twenty new Banks will do them no good.' ' I don't see that,' says the Ginerel. ' If we could make a new Bank now,' says I, ' right off, and let it take up the business of the old one, it wouldn't make much odds. But the law won't allow that, you know, Ginerel.' And jest then the Ginerel got in a way he has of twitchin with his suspender buttons behind ; and to rights he broke one off. ' There,' says he, ' Major, here is this confounded button off agin.' ' Well,' says I, ' that's a small matter—here is a tailor's shop,—let's go in and make him put it on—and so in we went. The tailor happened to be one of our party, and was tickled to death to see the President,

and thought he was goin to git an office right off, and was plagily cut down when he come to find it was ony a button off; and so he jumped back on his board, and sat down on his heels agin, and said if the Ginerel would take off his pantaloons, he'd put it on in a few minutes.—I looked at the Ginerel and he looked at me—and we both looked at the tailor. 'Why,' says the Ginerel, 'this is the worst thing, Major, I ever met—I'm stump'd completely! It will never do to risk walking home with this button off; for if 'tother one comes off, it's all over with me; and if I sit here without my pantaloons till that fellow puts on a button, I'll kitch my death of cold! Look here, Major,' says the Ginerel, 'that other button is taken all the strain, and it will come off in less than five minutes—what is to be done? It seems to me, Major,' said the Ginerel, 'that no man is placed so often in such real trouble as I am.'—'Yes,' says I, 'Ginerel, but it's fortunate for you, you always have me with you.' 'I know it, Major,' says he, 'and I hope you will be as true a friend now as ever you have been.'—And with that, says I to the tailor, 'Can't you fix things now, so as to git over all this trouble?' 'There is only one

way,' says the tailor, 'and that I've stated, and another thing,' says he, 'the Ginerall wants a new pair.' 'You rascal,' says the Ginerall, 'you can't make a better pair, and one that fits me better, if you try a month—these pantaloons,' said the Ginerall, 'are better than a new pair; and if they only had new buttons here they would last me to my dying day.—It takes me weeks and months to git a pair to sit easy. I won't have a new pair,' says the Ginerall, 'that I'm determined on. I see,' says the Ginerall, 'what you are after—you want a new job.'

'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, let me try'—and with that I wax'd a thread, and got a new button; and whilst the Ginerall stood up, I sot down behind him, and stitched on the button in three minits—the Ginerall all the while shakin his hickory at the tailor, and tellin him that he had no more brains in his head than he had in his thimble.—'You are a pritty fellow to belong to my party,' says he; 'I should have been soon in a pritty condition, if I had taken your advice,' says the Ginerall. 'Let me ever ketch you at the White House agin.' So to rights, the tailor got mad too, and said he didn't belong to the Ginerall's party—he was

a Tany-Kindle-Van-Buren-Jackson-man ; he knew which side his bread was butter'd ; and he looked plagey knowin too—it was jest as much as I could do to keep the Ginerol from smashin him—so says I, 'Come, Ginerol, let's be movin ;' and we went home—the Ginerol all the while talkin about his escape from an awful state that tailor was about getting him in.—'Well,' says I, 'Ginerol, little things sometimes give us a kink and a notion of bigger ones ; and now,' says I, 'do you know, Ginerol, we are in a scrape now, pretty much like that one we jest got out on.' 'How so ?' says the Ginerol. 'Why,' says I, 'the Bank, there it is,' says I, 'jest like your pantaloons, *better than new* ; and only wants a new button ; and some of these ere political tailors about us here want us to sit shiverin and shakin, and runnin the risk of gettin a rheumatiz that will last us our lives, jest for them to get the job of makin a new one.'

'And now,' says I, 'I guess you and I had better disappoint 'em, as we did the tailor jest now—stitch on a new button, and things will go smooth agin.' The Ginerol didn't say a word ; but he got thinkin plagey hard, till we got home agin, and he got his pipe, and I got

mine, and jest as we were lighten 'em, says he, 'Major, there are some fellows about us here that pester me most desperately—we must all go as a 'Unit,' or I must blow 'em all up, and git a new set. We'll think of it.' said the Ginerel, and with that we cock'd our feet on the mantle-tree, and in less than five minutes you couldn't see no more on us than our toes.

Your Friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXIII.

Reason for some People's feeling easy—The Major preparing to "do something" for the Country—A half-kitchen Cabinet Council—The Major whittles, to save Time and listen—A still busier Man—Sylla and Charybdis—Business planned.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 27th December, 1833.

MY last letter to you tell'd you of that trouble the Ginerall got in about the buttons, and if it hadn't bin for me he'd bin in a pretty scrape with that tailor. The Ginerall hain't forgot that yet, and won't so long as he wears buttons.

You know I've bin tellin you along about my fears of mony troubles—well it's bad enuff, and is goin to be worse yet, or I know nothin. And the Ginerall is beginnin to think so too. All our folks about us here don't feel it, for they have all got fat offices—but I know the people feel it who hain't got fat offices—and until they speak up, things will go worse and worse. Every letter I git now is full of trouble and

distress—and I tell'd the Ginerall t'other day, says I, 'Ginerall, we must look into this matter, now I tell you.' 'Why,' says he, 'Major, 'the Goverment' ain't to blame—every man about me says it ain't his fault.' 'Well,' says I, 'some one did it, I'm certin—things went smooth enuff,' says I, 'till we got dablin and medlin in mony matters and the Bank; and now it's all heds and pints, and when we say it ain't our fault,' says I, 'it's pretty much like a man puttin a long pole over a fence on a swivel—and after pullin one eend round with a jerk, if he nocks over a dozen folks with the other eend, says it ain't his fault—now it's pretty much jest so with the Bank,' says I, 'and if you can't see it, all I can say is, I can.'

'Well, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'somethin must be done, anyhow, for I begin to think that politics and mony matters don't always work together. I'll call all our folks together,' says the Ginerall, 'and we'll have a full Cabinet, and look into this matter; and do you, Major, prepare yourself, for I'm goin to turn over a new leaf, that I'm determined on'—and with that he issued orders for every man to be at the Cabinet Chamber the next day jest after breakfast—and I went to work puttin

down all my notions in writin, for I expected a ruff time, and a pretty sharp set of fellers to beat off—and thinks I, as it is the fashion now-a-days to read papers to the Cabinet, I'll give 'em one that will be worth readin, and I guess it will be the last one that the Senate will ask an official copy of in one while. It took nigh upon all night to write it out—and I sprung to it, for I think the time is come to let some folks see they hain't got a green-horn to outwit when they try me.

And so the General had 'em all up in the Cabinet Chamber yesterday'; and such an overhawlin I never see. I sat all the while with one foot on the table, whitlin a piece of shingle—and the General was walking round among 'em, tellin about the troubles in mony all about the country, and askin how we are to git out of the scrape. I kept an eye on most all on 'em, and both ears on pretty much the hull on 'em; and such a winzin and tangle I never see since the day all Downingville cum over to the Jackson side, and that was jest arter his election. They thought I was detarmin'd the first go off to say nothin: and to rights I heard one chap jest behind me tell the General, ' there was *one Major* in the Cabi-

net who made pretty much all the trouble, and that *he* was writin letters that went all the while agin the rest on 'em—and if it warn't for *him* they could make the people believe jest what they wanted—that it was *his* fault that the Cabinet was obliged to shift their ground about the Bank, and cross tracks every day. If it hadn't bin for *him* the deposits would have been removed *because* there warn't no 'Safety Fund' in the Bank, and the people bin contented—and if it warn't for *him* the Goverment could now make the people believe that Biddle was the sole cause of there bein no money now-a-days,' and so on. I jest stop'd whitlin a minit, and cut my eye over my left shoulder, and the feller dodg'd behind the Ginerall in a flash, and when I look'd round the ring I found pretty much the hull on 'em lookin at me, and there warn't a word said. And to rights the Ginerall he walk'd up to me, and stop'd right in front, and look'd me strait in the face: says he, 'Major, you have hearn what is said—and I should like to know what you have to say in reply—no man shall leave this room,' says the Ginerall, 'till this trouble is cleared up—Major,' says the Ginerall (and his lips began to quiver, I tell you), 'Major,' says he, 'it

would take a good many men to convince me that you ain't what I have always found you—*an honest man, and a true patriot*—some folks about us have been whisperin in my ear for a long while that you ain't what I think you are—but, Major,' says the General, 'I am a soldier, and so are you—and we are now all face to face—no more whisperin,' says the General, and he fetched his Hickory a whack on the floor, and look'd round the hull ring.—'The country is in trouble,' says he, 'and the time is come for every honest man to speak out—if there is error, let it be corrected—if there is trick, we must expose it—and now, Major,' says the General, 'do you set still—and if any man has any thing to say agin you, let him speak out. When they are all dun, you can answer them ;' and with that the General pull'd his own chair up to the other side of the table, and laid his Hickory and hat down afore him, and all our folks began to nock noses in little groops here and there ; and one on 'em, no matter who, was as busy as a lost dog on a trainin-day, smellin round from one to another to find the right man to speak first ; but none on 'em seem'd to like it. The General all the while sat blinkin and lookin round at 'em all,

and rumplin his face once and a while most plaguily.

So, to rights, this one on 'em came forward and bow'd, and says he, '*Gineral*, that 'our sufferins is intolerable' there is little doubt; and the question is, not *how* we got *into* our present condition, but how we can best *git out of it*. I believe,' says he (turnin with a bow to everybody, for he is an amazin polite critter), '*that* is the true and only pint now for discussin.' 'Not exactly,' says I; 'but no matter.' 'Well,' says he, 'as regards the Major, far be it from me to make any charge agin him; he is decidedly the favourite of the people, and should be the favourite of every man in office who wishes to keep his office; but I would say, that I wish the Major had a higher office. I wish he was an auditor of accounts—or a receiver of public mony—or a minister abroad—or an Ingin agent, or any other office in the Goverment; but as he is now, there is no gittin hold of either eend of him; we can't elevate him, which I sincerely desire—we can't put him down, which no man desires. There are things in all Goverments, and in this in particular, that require cookin up before the people should be sarved with it;

but the Major hands the dishes over to the people, raw and uncook'd, and lets every man dress his own dinner : this is not right. And then, agin, he is an enemy to party, and thinks that politicians shouldn't meddle in mony matters, when we all know that none of us would now be here without party, and that *party* can't hold together without office, and that *office* ain't worth a fig without *mony*; and so it comes to this—we've got a party, and a good strong one; and that party must keep all the offices and the control of all the mony; for, without mony, the offices won't be good for nothin—and without offices the party will be all scattered: look at my own state—see how things work there; and jest so they should here. We must have the Bank; we can't do any thing without it. This one is good enuff if we could git Biddle and his friends out of it—but seein we have tried that and can't succeed, this must go down, and then we'll have a new one after our own fashion—unfortunately, some will suffer—because this one must, I suppose, collect its debts and wind up: but what is the sufferins of a few in trade, compared to the breaking up of a *political party*, now all hitched together?

Think of all of us goin back agin to practise law—and you, Mr. Auditor, to keepin a school—and you, Mr. Secretary, to keepin a shop—and you to ploughin—and you to plantin corn—and you to diggin potatoes—and you to printin newspapers. And you, Major,' says he, 'what would become of you?' I begun to crawl all over, and was jest goin to say somethin, but I thought I wouldn't till he got through; and he reeled it off for more than an hour pretty much in the same way about things in ginerall, and Major Downing in particular. And as soon as he stopt, I got up, and says I, 'Has anybody got nothin more to say?' No one said a word. Says I, 'Is all that is said put in writin? for then there will be no mistake—no turnin corners—no dodgin arterward.' 'O, no,' says he, 'there is no necessity to put any thing in writin of this nature; that ain't my way,' says he. 'I have always said, I don't like to git into the newspapers.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's jest where we differ—what I'm goin to say now,' says I, 'is all in my pocket in black and white—and with the Ginerall's permission,' says I, 'I'll read it to the members of the Cabinet, and then I'll git it printed, and then all on you can

read it, and every man shall have a copy on't, except Clay and the rest of the Senate—for though the law says they are part of the Government, they ain't got no business with any paper read to the Cabinet—ain't that law,' says I, 'Gineral?' The Gineral nodded his head, and that was enuff; and says he, 'Major, do you read that paper; I know you well enuff to know it will be an honest view of things, and I don't care whose toes you tread on. I have no interest in these matters further than to do my duty—if any fellers have misled me, I advise 'em to keep an eye on my hickory.'

And then I took out my papers from my pocket, and went at it; and I didn't mince matters, I tell you. The Gineral sot restin his elbows on the table, with his chin in both hands, and lookin strait in my face the hull time, ony once in a while he would take his hickory and whack it on the table when any one muttered and whispered; and as soon as I got to the eend on't, then come a buz and a mixin, and the Gineral got up and fetched another whack on the table with his hickory, enuff to loosen one's eye-teeth.

'Now,' says the Gineral, 'I've hearn both

sides, and the people will shortly hear it too. If they say the Major is right, I won't oppose them any longer ; if they say the Major is wrong, then we'll go on as we now go : and now,' says he, 'Major, git that paper printed ; and the only favour I ask of you is, not to send an official copy on't to the Senate, if they ask one.' and with that I and the Ginerall bowed off the Cabinet, and the Majors, and the rest of the Goverment ; and we turned to readin letters from all quarters, all full of mony troubles and distress, enuff to give one the colera morbus ; for, as I said afore, one is jest about as bad as t'other.

I'll send you, to-morrow or next day, the paper I read to the Cabinet, and the rest of the Goverment, for you to print. It's too long for this letter, and you can ask Zekel Bigelow, if he hain't stop'd payment, to pay you for the expense of printin on't, and tell him for me if his head is above water, it's more than can be said of most folks—and he'd better hold on all he's got, and ride out the storm if he can. His last letters to me say things are shockin bad in Wall-street, but the worst there ain't as bad as things are away West and South ; and they will be worse yet, if the people don't de-

cide pretty soon, as the Ginerel says, whether I am right or wrong. For it's the people's business now, and the Ginerel is waitin for 'em.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXIV.

The Major's View of the State of the Country and Money Concerns—Everybody's Concerns—History of the U. S. Bank—A Conestoga Wagon—Its Driver and Horses—Other Wagons—Their Men and Beasts—Steamboats and Banks not different—Skunks and Politicians—Patriotic Appeal, especially addressed to Men with Wives and Children.

[Major Downing, in his letter of December 27th, after mentioning the fact of his having read his views on the subject of the Bank, and the Deposites, to the Cabinet, engaged to send a copy of the document to this paper for publication. A delay of some days occurred before we received it. This, we understand, was caused by a wish that the Cabinet might have an opportunity to re-examine the case, and a hope that they might unite in opinion on this thorny matter. Having waited some time for the accomplishment of this important object, the Major became convinced that the present Cabinet was far from being a 'Unit,' and considered it useless to wait any longer; and he therefore fulfilled his undertaking by sending us the document alluded to.]

OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and Majors, Auditors, and Under-Secretaries, and Sub-postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on 26th day of December, A. D. 1833—and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New-Orleans, along the seacoast, and up the Mississippi, and Missouri, and so down the Lakes, and across by the Erie Canal to Albany, and along by the middle rout over New-Jersey, Pensylvania, and Maryland, to Washington—and away agin to all parts of creation, and to everybody.

GINERAL, and Gentlemen of the Cabinet, and the rest on you here present, composin

the Government—I speak to you as a man standin right between you and the people—what I am goin to say ain't calculated to make any on you change your opinion, so much as to make you know mine—you have pretty much all on you had your turn, and now comes my turn—if any thing I say has sharp corners and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I hain't had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the bakers, and leave you to slice it or chunk it as best suits you; and every man can butter his own slice jest to please his fancy—that ain't my business so much as it is hisn.

We are met here, not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble—and I am goin to say a little on both pints. When a chimbly smokes at the rong eend, with the wind at north-east, some folks may content themselves with openin windows and doors to let the smoke out; but my notion is that the safest plan is to see into the cause on't, and correct it, so that the chimbly will only smoke at the right eend, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look

into a leetle, and then we will know more about 'em, and I am goin to examin—

What kind of a crittur the Bank of the United States raly is ;

Whether its natur is to do good or evil to the country ; and then wind up with

Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of Bank paper—nigh upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a leetle worse. If any body ain't old enuff to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of mony I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't : but this is only a drop compar'd to what would be now there of the same kind of stuff if it hadn't ben for the Bank of the United States. All our wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one—one strong enuff to do the work well, and to clear out all this trash, and so this Bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale mony in the country, the Bank went and

bo't a good jag on't in Europe, and went to work here clearin away jest as we do our fields in the spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so, I tell you, and the Bank didn't get through with it without scratchin, and smuttin its fingers pretty considerable ; and that warn't the worst on't for the Bank. The Goverment made the Bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and made it agree to take care of the people's mony in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there wherever the Goverment told 'em to, and to pay all the pensions, and to do evry thing in the money way, without chargin any thing for it to the Goverment. This was a pretty tuff bargain for the Bank—for all it got in return was, to have the keepin of the mony, and when the Goverment didn't want it, the Bank might lend it out. It took a good many years afore the Bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whoppin big wagon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and as it had a valable freight in it, it wanted none but the best kind of horses—rale Conestogas—and it warn't every one who knew how to drive such a

team. The owners of this wagon found that out—for some of the first that they got came plaguy nigh oversetting it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seein that the folks in Pensylvany have the best and strongest horses, and the biggest wagons, they ought to know best how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they hain't lost a linch-pin or broke a strap—and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road: on the contrary, all the other wagoners liked the Squire amazinly; he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, and whenever they got short of provender, the Squire never refused to turn out some of his to keep their horses from sufferin. Every thing was goin on better and better, and everybody said at home and abroad there warn't such a team in all creation. Well, about four years ago we begun to pick a quarrel with the Squire, and it's been goin on every year pretty much after this fashion. The first go off, some of our folks wanted the Squire to change some of his leadin horses—they said the breed warn't

right—he ought to put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horses on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like to change—he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they wouldn't bolt nor kick up, and when they came to up-hill work he could depend on 'em.

Then agin our folks wanted the Squire to change harness—they said they had new *patent collars*—and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old-fashion'd collars. Well, the Squire didn't like that notion nother. So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines—well, that he wouldn't do, he said, without orders from the owners of the team—they had appointed him, and so long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, jest as he had done—and it warn't right to keep stoppin him every day on the road, and tryin to make him try new plans.

And with that, all our folks made a regular battle on the Squire—some took away out of his wagon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided it round among the drivers of other wagons, who was mixin in the scuffle too,

and away they crack'd off with it. Some undertook to cut the Squire's traces ; they thought they was only leather and rope traces ; but the Squire was too deep for 'em, for his traces was all chains kivered with leather, and so they spil't their jack-nives. Some went on ahead and rolled stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the Squire upset, and threw stones and mud at him and his horses ; but the Squire kept on, his horses didn't flinch, and as they had dragged the big wagon over worse roads in their day, they went along without accident. Well, now it turns out that all the wagons that drove off so, with a part of the Squire's load, are in trouble, for the first piece of muddy road they all stuck fast, and there they are now—one wants the other to give him a pull and a lift ; but they say they all want liftin—the Squire has jest come up with 'em—and now they want him to hitch on to 'em and drag 'em all out together ; but he says that's impossible, the most he can do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then perhaps they can git out of the mud ; but it is more than his team can do, and he won't run the risk

of breakin his harness or injurin his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well, now that's jest about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so the worse it will be—the longer horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in mud, the less able they'll be to git out on't.

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the natur of the Bank, and what it raly is; for to hear some folks talk about it, one would think it was a most shockin monster, and that it was pretty much nothin else but Squire Biddle, when it is no more the Squire than that big wagon is, not a grain more. Look at this long list of names; well, these are the owners of the Bank; here we see, in the first place, the nation owns one-fifth, and the rest is scattered round, as you see here, among an everlastin batch of folks all about this country, and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on the list here, old widows, and old men, and trustees of children, who hain't got no parents livin, and all our own people, they put their money in the stock of this Bank for safe-keepin—not to speculate—and jest so with the innocent foreigners, and the best on't is, they have paid

our folks a pretty high premium for every dollar on't. Well, these are the folks, then, that compose the Bank. Now what way do they want this Bank managed? The business of the Bank is to loan mony, and is jest, for all the world, like any rich man whose business is to loan out his mony—is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him? Not an attom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts; and they ain't the kind of folks people like to deal with, any way, who have got money to loan—they know that talkin politics, and gittin things into snarls jest to answer party purposes, ain't the way to pay interest nor principal nother, and politicians in a Bank are the worst folks in the world for the owners of the Bank, for the most on 'em hain't got money of their own to lend, but they are plaguy ready to loan other folks' mony to brother politicians of the same party.

No, no, a man who has got his mony loan'd out (and it's jest so with a Bank) wants to see everybody busy and industrious, and mind their business, and increase their property, for then they will be able to pay interest

and principal too; they don't like to see things all mixed up with politics, and people quarrellin and disputin, and when they do, they git their mony back in their pockets agin as soon as they can, for they know that politics ain't profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the Bank is what I have said it is (and its nothin else), it ain't such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is; and instead of bein a dangerous monster, I see, and I know everybody else must see, who don't squint at it, but looks it strait in the face—that its natur is jest like the natur of any man who has got property in the country, and that is to have every thing go on in harmony, and with industry, and with honesty, and accordin to law—no jangles and tangles and talkin politics in porter-houses and bar-rooms, hurrain for this man, and pullin down that man—that kind of work don't clear up new lands nor plough up old ones, it don't keep the hammer goin, and the wheels turnin; and don't pay interest nor principal nother.

But some on you say the Bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well

there is my old friend Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, of the steamboat President, runnin twixt New-York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there is no tellin what a 'dangerous monopoly' of power that crittur's got in that are boat. I was lookin into it when I came on with him a spell ago, and he was showin me how he managed it. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kittles he has got in his boat, and blow his bellesses a spell, he would smash every thing for more than 50 acres round—Does any body want to know why he don't do it?—he has ten in a steamboat as long now as the Bank's ben goin, and hain't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses—Well, I'll tell you why he don't—*it ain't his interest*, and he don't own no more of the boat than Squire Biddle does of the Bank—the owners of the boat employ him to manage it, because they know he understands his business.—He knows if he didn't watch over their interest, they'd turn him out—and jest so the owners of the Bank would sarve Squire Biddle. And that ain't all, Capt. Bunker knows, if he hurts anybody with his boat, he'd run a chance of hurtin himself too—he knows, too, that it is the in-

terest of his owners not to have any accidents aboard *any boat*—for if people get scalded in one steamboat, they keep clear of all on 'em—and tho' some folks think Banks ain't like steamboats, I can tell 'em that in the main thing they are exactly alike—for unless folks have got confidence in 'em, and feel safe in 'em, they ain't worth ownin—but when they all go on and meet no accidents, they are pritty good property—and the largest, and strongest, and cleanest, and quietest, and best-managed, git the most business.—Now I think that's enuf about dangerous monopolies for a spell.

Let us now see wnat the Bank is about, and what we've been about.

Deacon Goodenou has been in that Bank, as one of its directors, off and on, ever since it was a Bank, and I have heard him say fifty times (and he's a man to be depended on) he never heard a word about politics in it, till about four years ago—and it all came from our sending every year since that time some rale politicians to help the other twenty directors to manage the Bank—the first go off, the Deacon says, they thought best to keep quiet, and make no stir about it; for it was pretty much like findin skunks in the cellar—the

best way was to let 'em alone, if they'd keep there, and run the chance of their goin out, when they found there warn't no eggs to suck—but when they undertook to cum up-chamber, and smell about in all the cubbords, it was time to snub 'em—and then came trouble: and that's jest about the way now; and the Deacon says, and he's about right, that politicians in a Bank are jest as bad as skunks in the cellar—there ain't one grain of difference.

Some on you say we don't want a Bank *now*: well, that may be so—but when I got up this mornin, it was plagy chilly till I got my coat on—now I am warm, and it may be I don't need a coat—but I think if I take my coat off, I'll feel chilly agin—and I am so certin of this, I won't make a trial on't.

Some on you say, the owners of this Bank hain't got no right to a recharter—they have had it long enuf—and its time now to have a new shuffle and cut: well, that ain't my notion, and I'll tell you why—tho' this Bank was chartered for twenty years, it had a good right to believe we would renew its charter, if it behaved well and did its duty—jest as a Congressman has a right to expect his constituents will send him to Congress agin if

he behaves well--and its a good way to keep folks strait, and make 'em do their duty—but if we are to nock this Bank down, and have a new shuffle and a new cut, then I say that them folks who make money out of a rise of stock in the new Bank ought to pay the loss that all these old folks and young children will suffer by nocking down the old Bank—to say nothin about the innocent foreigners who put their money in this Bank, thinkin it was safe. And let me tell you another thing—the longer a Bank stands, and the older it gits, the better folks abroad and at home like it—people who have got money to lend don't like changes—and particularly government changes. Would any on you like to lend folks money in South America? and do you think any of them Goverments could make a Bank that folks would have any confidence in? I don't think they could—jest because they keep choppin and changin every year.

Will any on you say that it ain't a good thing for a country to make folks all about think it is a safe one to lend money to? ain't good credit worth nothin?

Well, how does any man in trade git credit, and make folks think him safe to trust? Will

he break up his stand every year, and change his business, and try new plans? I say that ain't the way; and no man ever prospered after that fashion; but when he finds things go well with him, he hangs on; or else he hain't got no wit in him.

Now, my notion is that none on us alone can make folks all about creation think we are safe folks to trust. But all on us together can do so; and that is the reason a good big Bank can manage this for us. Folks abroad know the Bank, and the Bank know us; and so we can manage things through the Bank better than we can alone.

Some on you say it ain't right to pay interest to foreigners—that when we git money from foreigners, they keep drainin us of interest. Well, that is all chalk and water. Now I know we have got an everlastin new country to clear up yet, and if an honest industrious man can git a few hundred dollars lent to him, he can go and buy a good many acres, and clear it up, and sell it to these very foreigners, who are all the while coming out here to settle among us, and they pay fifty times more for it than the land first cost: and so our folks go on borrowin, and can well

afford to pay interest, and find themselves in a few years with money to lend too. And as long as this business goes on, I, for one, am willing to say to foreigners, as the Cape Cod fisherman says to the fish, when he gits on the hook, and is pullin him in—‘ So long as you hold on one eend, I will ’tother.’ But folks abroad who have money to lend don’t know our folks who go on new land ; and a good many on old land nother. But they know our Bank, and our Canals, and Railroads, and we sell ’em the stock, and make ’em pay good premiums too : and our folks can lend their money to our farmers. But if we go on, and nock down this Bank when its charter is out, and bring trouble on the country, foreigners will say, ‘ Aha ! there’s trouble there ! ’—back they come with their stock, and git their money, and keep it ; and all our prosperity is nock’d in the head ! We charter’d this Bank for twenty years, and so we do Canal Companies, and Railroad Companies ; but did we mean when the time was up, to nock ’em all up too, and say we don’t want no Bank, nor a Canal, nor a Railroad ? It ain’t common honesty to say so ; and I won’t shuffle and cut with you after that fashion ; for make

what I might by a new shuffle, I would be ashamed to look one of these innocent foreigners in the face—to say nothin of this long list of widows, and orphans, and trustees of estates, and old folks : many on 'em, when they bought the stock at a high premium, I suppose never thought about the charter, or how long it had to run, but trusted to the Government. And now if you can chizzle them out of their property, as you will by puttin down this Bank, jest to git a new shuffle and cut at a new one—without turnin as red as a beet when you meet 'em, I for one say I can't, and I won't.

And now I'm most done—if I have trod on any one's toes, it ain't so much my fault as hisen ; for I tread the strait line, and tread ony on toes that stick out beyend the line, and that's too often the case with folks now-a-days in office.

I've tell'd you now pretty much my notions ; and I tell you for the last time you have made a mistake, and that's no disgrace to any man unless he tries to stick to it after he knows he has made it. If you don't know how to git the country out of the scrape you've got it in, the people will tell you pretty

quick, or I ain't no hand at guessin. I have now done my duty—If the people don't do theirn it ain't my fault. If they say my notions are right, they'll act on 'em; if they say they are wrong, then things will go on as they now go, and I hope they won't git worse—but that I won't promise. If things come to the worst, I shall suffer as little as any on 'em, for I hain't got no wife and children to support (and I am sorry for those who have, if things are to go as they now go), I can cut my fodder pretty much anywhere.

But I love my country, ev'ry acre on't, and it goes agin my grain to see any part on't suffer. And I know all this sufferin comes from party politics—this same party politics that has driv all our wisest and best men out of office; and now to keep together, wants to git hold of the big wagon and all the money in it.

My dander is up, and I had best stop now—for the more I think on't, and the more I write about it, the more wrathly I git. So no more at present,

From your fellow-citizen,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[We have received a letter, which we publish with much satisfaction, from the north part of this State, and accompanying it, a fine specimen of domestic manufacture in the form of an axe, as a present to our highly esteemed and invaluable friend Major Downing. We take this mode of informing our distant correspondents of the safe arrival of their tribute to the Major's public worth, and conveying to them the assurance that it will be faithfully delivered to the person for whom it is designed. There is no such thing as calculating the extent of good which one patriotic and intelligent individual can accomplish, when he honestly devotes his time and talents to the advancement of the public welfare. The important truths and the sound political principles which Major Downing has given to his country through the medium of this paper have been more extensively circulated, and more generally read, than any other productions of modern times, not even excepting the *Waverley* novels. We presume the gentlemen who have acknowledged the great gratification they have received from the Major's letters adopted this particular mode of expressing their feelings, in consequence of the circumstance to which they allude, viz.—the presentation through this office of a dozen of the same kind of article last year to the President of the United States.—*Eds.*]

To Theodore Dwight, Esq., Editor of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

DEAR SIR,—In the thriving village of Carthage (not the Carthage of Queen Dido on the coast of Africa)—but on the north bank of the Black River, in the county of Jefferson, and State of New-York, we have an Axe Factory, manufactured from ore on the spot. Though we cannot boast, like Messrs. Collins, Harrison & Co., that every minute of the day adds one to the number of our well-finished axes, still we

really make every day our cool dozen, which, as General Rial said of the grand scenery of the Highlands, we think is 'pretty well for a new country.' And we also think that our axes, though not as numerous, will in point of quality bear a comparison with theirs.

Now while these rich and skilful mechanics present a full dozen of their axes strongly packed in a highly-polished hickory box to the 'Greatest and Best'—while Pomeroy puffs his razor-strops, by presenting a sample to the great rejected, and Peleg Bissell approaches our ineffably venerable President with his offering of a churn, so simple, so plain, so destitute of gearing, and so like his own beau-ideal of a perfect government, that the 'Hero of two wars' 'snickers right out,' as he turns the crank; we too draw near with our offering. It is a single axe, and is intended as a small token of our regard for one who, as a statesman, a patriot, a soldier, yields to no one.

You will of course perceive that we can mean no other than Major Downing, of Downingville—the bed-fellow and privy counsellor of 'him that was born to command' the Kitchen Cabinet. And we can assure the Major that this axe has more than one of the

requisite qualifications for a President. Its helve is of hickory—in Kentucky parlance, 'is as savage as a meat-axe,' and of course 'can look on blood and carnage with composure.'

We confidently hope that the gallant Major will accept of this trifle as a token of the high estimation in which he is holden ; and, encouraged by applause, go on as he has begun, subtracting every superfluous wheel from the government till it is reduced to a machine simple as a top, and direct and energetic as a guillotine.

We intrust this present to you, Mr. Editor, certain that through no other channel it would reach the companion of the 'Hero' so soon.

We are, respectfully,

Your obedient Servants,

STARKS & Co.

Carthage, December 27, 1833.

[We publish to-day Major Downing's letter acknowledging the receipt of the AXE from Messrs. Starks & Co., which was noticed some time since in our paper. The effect produced upon the company in the President's Chamber, when the Major made his appearance at the door with that implement of husbandry upon his shoulder, shows that either his prowess is well established at head-quarters, or that conscious guilt makes men cowards without any real cause of fear. On any other ground it is difficult to account for the sudden retreat from the "presence-chamber" of their master, upon the mere appearance of the Downingville hero, with such a peaceable and harmless instrument in his hand as an axe.

The mistake which the President fell into respecting the identity of the worthy principal of the Carthage manufactory in the first place, and the Government Bank Director in the second, is not to be wondered at. Old Gen. Starks generally made a good deal of scampering whenever he appeared with a weapon in his hand; and the Government Bank Director, like his renowned name-sake of London (the Philadelphia of England) has rode a strange tilt lately, and appears to have "lost both hat and wig" in his career. Probably the Hero would have been led into another more classical mistake than those just mentioned, if Messrs. Starks & Co. had not fortunately given in their letter a geographical caution against such an error, by an express declaration that the Carthage where they make axes is not the city built upon the coast of Africa by Dido, but a modern village upon the Black River, in this State. The exact position of it may probably be found in Spafford's Gazetteer. If any doubt shall remain, after the foregoing explanation, upon Dr. Jackson's mind, respecting the identity of the manu-

facturer of axes, and the hero of Bennington, we take the liberty to refer him for further information, on this or any other subject, to the honourable Mr. Senator Hill, from New-Hampshire—the State that claims the honour of having given birth to General Starks.—Eds]

LETTER XXV.

Exhibition of Messrs. Starks and Co.'s Axe at the Cabinet Chamber—Sudden Dissolution of the Assembly—Conscience has something to do with it—Gratitude of an Old Roman towards a New-Carthaginian.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 10th January, 1834.

THE pill I give the Cabinet, and the rest of the Government here, on the 26th of last month, is jest beginnin to operate, and I don't think some on 'em will want any more fisik for a good spell to come. Some of our folks make plaguy ugly faces at me, but I tell 'em that's a sure sign they wanted fisik ; and they'll all feel better to-rights. It was well I stop'd jest where I did in that Cabinet paper, for my dander was jest liftin, and if I had gone on only ten minits longer, I'd hit some on 'em so hard' they wouldn't swell.

But that ain't what I want to write to you about now. I want to thank them folks up in

Carthage, in York State, for the axe they made for me, and which they sent to you to send to me. I have jest got it, and it has tickled me eny most to death. I never got such a present afore in my born days. I started right up-chamber with it to the Ginerall, and bolted strait into the Cabinet-room with my axe on my shoulder—the Ginerall was there with pretty much all our folks, overhaulin the Post-Office accounts, and tryin to git them strait, which is a plaguy tuff job—but no matter—in I smash'd, but afore I could git out one word, I never see such a scamperin. I turned to head some on 'em, jest to tell 'em what I was arter; but it seemed the more I tried, the more they tried to streak it, and in less than one minit there warn't a livin crittur left but I and the Ginerall; and the Ginerall somehow had got a notion in his head, and would a gone too, if there warn't rale pluck in him. He was standin up with his back agin the mantel-tree, and his hickory in his hand, and look'd, for all the world, as tho' he was jest expectin a fight. 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, what on earth is all this scamperin for?' 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I reckon you can tell better than I can.' And with that, he blink'd

at me most plagily—and says he, ‘Major, what is the news now?’ ‘Why,’ says I, ‘there ain’t nothin new but this ’ere ax, and I brought it to show you; it’s a present to me,’ says I, ‘from Starks & Co., away up in York State, on the Black River.’ The Gine-ral changed face in a minit, and it was jest like the sun risin. He step’d up to me and took the ax, and walk’d to his chair and sat down, and throw’d his head back, and haw-haw’d right out. (It does me good in these times to see the Gine-ral tickled at any thing.) As soon as the Gine-ral could say any thing, says he, ‘Major, call back Tany, and Barry, and Amos, and haw haw haw,’ says the Gine-ral; and jest then I got the notion why they all scampered off so; and I sot down right in front of the Gine-ral, and we haw-haw’d, I tell you, for more than half an hour. And so to-rights we got talkin agin, and the Gine-ral he wiped his eyes, and blew his nose, jest, for all the world, as tho’ he had been cryin; and says he, ‘Major, it ain’t strange they was a leetle afeard of you; for, do you know, jest as you come in, some on ’em was sayin about the plagy Post-Office accounts—if they didn’t git ’em strait pretty soon, you would git at ’em

and chop 'em all up into mince-meat ; and jest then, sure enuff, in you come,' and then, 'haw haw haw,' says the Ginerall, agin. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'm glad that people about are beginnin to look at you pretty much as I do. I knew,' says he, 'the time would come when they would say I knew what was what when I got you to be with me ; and now,' says he, 'Major, let's look at this ax,'—and the Ginerall he rubbed his specs,—'Well,' says he, 'this is a splitter, ain't it—why,' says he, 'if a man only got lathered he could shave himself without a barber ; for this ax is as bright as a lookin-glass, and sharp as a razor ; and here is the maker's name too—'Starks & Co., Carthage, New-York.' I do wonder now,' says the Ginerall, 'if that ain't the same Stark who lick'd the British at Bennington a spell ago?' 'I ain't certin,' says I. 'Well, nor I nother,' says the Ginerall ; 'for do you know, Major, I have been in so many wars myself, that I sometimes mix 'em up, and I have now got so much to attend to here, that I am bother'd about names, and places, and times most plagily. Now there is our little District Attorney ; our folks tell'd me, when I appointed him a Bank Director that he was jest the

kind of man we wanted 'to ride Biddle, and upset him;' and when they tell'd of 'ridin, upsetin,' and mentioned his name, I got a notion in my head that I can't git out yet, that he may be the same man I've heard tell on, who took a ride once, and then wrote a long account on't in poetry.' 'Well,' says I, 'I'm not certin of that nother; but I've got a notion the man you mean was John Gilpin.' 'That's the same man, ain't it?' says the General. 'No,' says I, 'I guess it ain't, for he lived in London.' 'O, that makes no odds,' says the General, 'for they used to call Philadelphy the London of America.' 'Well,' says I, 'then it must be the same—and if he's got on the Squire to ride him, I guess it will turn out pretty much such another ride; for,' says I, 'the Squire is a pretty good horse for a tight pull; but I don't think he'll stand easy under a saddle—it ain't the natur of that 'ere breed.'

'Well, Major,' says the General, 'we must thank them folks for the ax anyhow, and as soon as the Senate pass upon that Message we sent 'em tother day, about the Lion and other presents, you can have the ax.' 'Very well,' says I, 'Gineral; and if Congress don't pass upon something else,' says I, 'so as to git things a

leettle better in the money way, I'll want that ax, for we shall all come to choppin agin for a livin.'

I want you to send a printed copy of this letter to the makers of that ax, and when you git all my letters to you printed in a book, send 'em one of the books with my thanks for the ax.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[We publish this morning, as was promised in our paper yesterday, another letter from Major Downing. The principal subject of it is one of great interest to the country at large. The concerns of the General Post-Office appear before the public in a most unfavourable light; and it is perfectly natural that the President, 'whose duty it is to see the laws faithfully executed,' should feel a good deal of anxiety to shield one of his deficient servants. The Major's suggestions respecting the advantages of the course pursued by the Postmaster General in keeping back the knowledge of his official transactions from Congress are ingenious, and probably furnish the most satisfactory vindication of that officer that can be—certainly that has been given. And the mode of pleading what the lawyers call a set-off, in adjusting the accounts between the losses of the Post-Office, and the credits of the executive, though they may not be allowed by the Committee of Claims, will be freely admitted by every person who holds to the present or the next administration for the rewards due to pure, disinterested, uncorrupted patriotism.]

LETTER XXVI.

Defalcations in the Post-Office—The Major's method of letting off his own Steam—The magic Specks screwed to a plain sight—The General takes a look at things as they really are—His Steam up in consequence—The Major's notion of the real object of removing the Deposites from the U. S. Bank—The adjustment of accounts by charging deficiencies to account of "glory and reform."

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, Jan. 16th, 1834.

You remember I tell'd you a spell ago, that after we got the Message done, we was

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obliged to take it all to bits, and nock out a good many things about the 'counts, and run the chance of lettin Congress skip 'em over ; and I tell'd you too, that I would to rights git the Ginerals specs, and giv 'em a twist round to a plain sight, and let him take a look at things jest as they be, without a bit of '*glory*' about 'em. Well, among them accounts we had got in the Message was the Post-Office accounts. I didn't like the looks on 'em a bit at the time, but as everybody said money was plagy scarce everywhere, the Ginerall thought it was natural enuf to find it pretty scarce in the Post-Office too. 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, my notion is that we best let Major Barry tell his own story about it ; for as he has done so much in reformin things, and as we have got now a pretty good majority in Congress, he may git out of the scrape.' Well, the Ginerall thought that was about the best way ; and Major Barry made his report, and tell'd a pretty considerable of a cute story about his havin found an error in the Post-Office accounts, that had been overlooked ever since Ginerall Washington's time. I begun to think for a spell that would stump Congress, about as much as tho' there had been a fire in the Post-Office, pretty much like that one in the

Treasury last spring. But, somehow or other, some of the plagy Senators have been smellin round, and got on a track that led 'em right up to the fact, that the Post-Office is head and ears all over in debt; and that it has been borrowin money for over two years now, and never said a word on't to Congress. And I am peskily afeard, that seein the Law says none of our folks shall borrow money without consent of Congress (and which, upon the hull, is a pretty safe law, for Congress couldn't tell otherwise how the money was goin)—I am, I say, peskily afeard we can't git the Post-Office folks out of this scrape without reformin some on 'em out of office. But as they are all our best friends, and have done more for glory and reform than most folks, we shall let some on 'em resign, and then apint 'em to some office abroad, or git 'em into some place where they can git a liven without workin for it; for the Ginerall won't let any on 'em suffer no way.

When the Ginerall come to hear what the Senate was arter, says he, 'Major, will them accounts of the Post-Office stand the racket, or not?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, its hard tellin: but, as nigh as I can kalklate,' says I, 'I guess they won't in the wa Con ress set-

bles accounts—things look plaguy crooked,’ says I ; ‘and the worst on’t is, them accounts have been so twisted, first one way, and then agin another way, that I am afeard now they won’t stand twistin any more. The only way,’ says I, ‘is to straiten ’em, and that’s all I can do about ’em. But,’ says I, ‘if they break to bits in straitenin on ’em, I cant help it.’ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘Major, I wish you’d try it ; for,’ says the Ginerl, ‘if we can’t keep Barry up, there is no tellin what will become of us ; for it seems to me, ever since Mr. Van Buren got the Post-Office Department into the Cabinet, we have been able to do more in ‘rewardin our friends, and punishin our enemies,’ than in all the rest of the departments put together.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Ginerl, I’ll try it,’ says I ; and so the Ginerl went to bed ; and I got my slate, and I got all the Post-Office accounts from the time Judge M’Lean left the office and Major Barry came into it. It took me a good spell to git ’em all strung out in regular order ; and jest as I was beginnin to sifer up, the Ginerl he riz up in bed, and says he, ‘Major, I reckon I can help you along.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Ginerl, I want all the help you can give me.’ ‘I’m thinkin,’ says he, ‘you best say that it’s all owin to Biddle ; that he is crampin all the people he

can, and that he makes mony so scarce, folks can't pay postage; and that if we had not taken the deposits away from him, things would be twice as bad now.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, that is a good notion, and I'll see to-rights how it will work among figers.' 'I thought I'd jest tell you, Major,' says the Gineral, 'afore I forgot it, for the notion jest struck me as I was goin to sleep;' and so the Gineral laid down, and I went to siferin again.

It was most daylight afore I got through; and I finished off with the sums Major Barry says he has been borrowin, and left a blank to put in the amount he says the Post-Office has overdrawn the Banks where the postages are kept; for as he don't know yet what that amount is, I can't tell myself; tho' I suppose I could, upon a pinch, make nigh upon as good a guess at it as he could, or any one else. But I thought I wouldn't guess at nothin. I never guess when I get hold of my slate—I sifer on one side, and then chalk down the sum on tother—so there can't be no mistake. When I come to figer up the hull amount the Post-Office has gone astarn since Judge M'Lean left it, I begun to bile up like one of old Capt. Bunker's steam kittles; and I was glad the Gineral was snorin, for I don't like to

let people see me when my steam is up ; but if I don't do somethin, I suppose I should blow up jest like a steamboat on the Massissippi—and so I got my ax, and down stairs I went with a light to the wood-house, and split up more than three cord and a half of hickory afore I got in a good temper, and afore I thought it was safe to go to bed ; and then I went to bed, and slept like a top till breakfast time.

The next mornin, when the Ginerall come into the Cabinet-room—‘ Well,’ says he, ‘ Major, did you finish them plaguy accounts ?’ ‘ Yes,’ says I, ‘ Ginerall, I did, and split up wood enuf to last us a month in the bargain.’ And I jest tell’d the Ginerall a little about it to prepare him. ‘ Now,’ says I, ‘ Ginerall, let me have your specs,’ says I, ‘ a minit’—and I took ’em to the window, and give the screws a twist, and tried ’em ; and seein every thing look’d natural, I handed ’em to the Ginerall, and then he and I took the slate, and went over the figers—both on us standin up by the table side by side. ‘ First,’ says I, ‘ there is the printin account and stationery of the Post-Office, when Mr. Adams was President ; and here is the account since we’ve been in—here is the amount of contracts for one spell, and

there is the amount for another—here is the number of offices and clarks for one spell, and there is the number for another—and here is the cost of wages and sallarys of the Post-Office when Mr. Adams was President ; and here is the cost since our time—plaguy deal of difference, Ginerall,’ says I, ‘ain’t it?’ The Ginerall he didn’t say nothin—he kept his eyes on the slate, and his mouth nigh upon wide open ; ony once in a while he’d calklate on his fingers a spell. ‘And now,’ says I, ‘there is the sum Judge M’Lean left in the Post-Office when he went out on’t ; and *there,*’ says I, ‘is the sum that is *now wanting*’ in the Post-Office, to make things square there, to say nothin of the sum Major Barry says the Post-Office has overdrawn from the Banks—and as he don’t know what the amount is, I don’t nother ; and I don’t care about guessin at it ; for it’s bad enuf without guessin.’ The Ginerall put his eye on the last line of figers (it was hard upon a million of dollars agin the office), and look’d and blink’d, and began to close his mouth up slowly, jest for all the world like shutting up a safety valve ; and he began to swell, and breathe plagy hard. I see the steam was gittin up. The Ginerall he

look'd at me ; and I look'd at him ; and then we both look'd at the slate agin. Bime-by the Ginerall he opened the valve, and let off the steam, and sich a whizzin you never heard in your born days. He took my slate, and was jest a goin to smash it into a thousand atoms ; but I got it afore it struck the floor. He then got his hickory, and thrash'd round a spell with that. But that didn't do no good. So says he, to-rights, 'Major, what is to be done about it?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, I don't see nothin else,' says I, 'but to take my ax, and do as I did last night—there is a good deal of hickory wants splittin in the wood-house yet.' And with that I handed the Ginerall my ax, and he slatted about the chamber with it for a spell ; and if any of our folks had come in then, I guess they'd found more to fear than when I frightened 'em so a few days ago.

I never know'd the Ginerall blow off steam so long as he did this time ; and I was peskily afear'd the boiler would burst arter all. And so I went to work puttin out the fire ; and the only way was to get the specs and screw 'em back to 'glory' agin ; and as soon as I did that, we got our pipes, and sot down and talk'd over the matter.

‘Now,’ says I, ‘Gineral, though this is a bad business, it ain’t so bad as it first looks. In the first place,’ says I, ‘if Major Barry had borrow’d the mony of Squire Biddle, Congress would have known it 2 years ago, and the Post-Office reports wouldn’t a ben as slick as they have been ; and we’d a had more trouble to git so many of our folks in, last election. And then, agin, by borrowin the mony of other Banks, on interest, it made them Banks the keener to get hold of the deposits ; for if Congress wouldn’t pass a law to pay the mony borrow’d by our folks, to make their accounts look square, why the deposit Banks could pay themselves ; and now by gettin our mony away from Squire Biddle, who was bound by law to make a regular report to Congress of ev’ry thing, and puttin it in other Banks, our folks can square off a good many accounts, and Congress won’t know nothin on’t ; for it will take a pretty spry siferer to figer out all the accounts with so many new deposit Banks ; for we’ve got ’em now pretty well mix’d up with what the Treasury calls ‘*contingent drafts*,’ and ‘*transfer checks*,’ and ‘*Treasury warrants* ;’ and Zekel Bigelow says he could in three days, with the

power the Goverment has got now, *warrant*, and *transfer*, and *contingent* away, between so many pockets, nigh upon the hull of the deposits, and nobody could never find nothin about it.

‘And then, agin,’ says I, ‘here is another thing—the people wanted ‘*Glory*,’ and they wanted ‘*Reform*,’ and they have had both now over 5 years; and if they expected it warn’t a goin to cost nothin, they was mistaken. And that ain’t all—there was that plagy ‘*surplus mony*’ business: evrybody said a spell ago if somethin warn’t done about it, the country would all go to smash. Well, now,’ says I, ‘we are gettin out of that scrape as slick as a whistle.’

The Ginerall he began to brighten up—‘Why,’ says he, ‘Major, we’ve been in a pashin then about nothin. I remember now I tell’d the folks in my Message a spell ago, that the safest place for the surplus money was in the pockets of the people; and I believe *that* sayin alone brought over more than one State to our side; and if our people git the mony, it’s all right, ain’t it, Major?’ ‘Yes,’ says I; ‘only some folks, I suppose, will set up a squeelin, jest like the pigs when they come in

a leetle too late for their corn ; and say, altho' they don't belong to our party, they've got jest as good a right to a share as we have. ' Well,' says the Ginerel, ' there they are mistaken ; for Governor Massy said (and that made him Governor too), that the corn all belonged to the pigs that got into the pen afore the gate was shut. But, Major,' says the Ginerel, ' I am a leetle puzzled yet to know what account to charge that Post-Office debt to. If we can only git that right, and save Barry, I shall sleep sound to-night.' ' Well,' says I, ' Ginerel, there is only one account that will stand that charge, and a good many more too ; for as we go along, and Congress gits to siftin things, I suppose they'll find out somethin more. In the first place,' says I, ' that fire in the Treasury last spring did a good deal towards settlin off a good many land accounts, and other accounts. If we don't have no more fires, or other accounts, and Congress presses us, we'll give them a lead through the new deposit Banks a spell, as I have jest bin tellin ; and if they follow us up through that track, for some of these fellows have got good noses, then we'll fetch up on the only account I know of, and that

account, as I said afore, will stand a good many charges yet.' 'Well, what is that account, Major?' says the Ginerel—and he got up and looked at me.—'Last week,' says I, 'Ginerel, was the 8th January. Now,' says I, 'ain't that day worth a little more than the 4th July?' The Ginerel gin a nod. 'Well then,' says I, 'there is 'Glory;' ain't that worth somethin?' The Ginerel gin another nod. 'And there is 'Reform;' ain't that worth somethin?' The Ginerel noded agin. 'Well now,' says I, 'put all that together, and if that don't make a sum of debt due you,' says I, 'that will balance a good many accounts, I'm mistaken. *New-Orleans, Glory, and Reform,*' says I, 'debtor to the Ginerel.' 'That's enuff,' says the Ginerel. And so that was the eend of the Post-Office accounts.

From your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[By the following letter, which we received yesterday, it appears that we were correct in the opinion we expressed, respecting the rumor that our friend Major Downing had been under the necessity of leaving the "White House" at Washington. The truth of our suggestion is now placed beyond a doubt, as this letter abundantly proves. The Major not only remains in his former station, but obviously maintains the full degree of influence which he has heretofore exercised over the proceedings and policy of "The Government." That attempts should be made by the Kitchen Cabinet, to thwart him in his disinterested efforts to promote the public welfare, and to frustrate the machinations of artful, designing, and unprincipled men, is not to be wondered at. But it is very fortunate that our friend sees through their plots, and has independence to oppose them face to face, even in the "presence chamber."—*Eds.*]

LETTER XXVII.

The General tickled by the New-York and New-Jersey Legislatures—The Charge of Bank Bribery hits the wrong Side—An Indian Fashion recommended—An Experiment at heating one Boiler at a time—State of the Country—The Nub of the Business—Heterodoxy is not my Doxy—A Game, Necromancy or Financy; or Van Buren Cups and Balls—Transfer Checks, Contingent Drafts, and Hocus Pocus—The General at bay—The Pack driven off by the Major's Whip—Scene closes with the Safety Valve open.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 25th January, 1834.

EVER since I and the General settled the Post-Office accounts, as I tell'd you in my last.

by chargin the amount that Major Barry is astarn to 'Glory' and 'Reform,' the Ginerall has been more easy about it than I am afeard other folks be, especially some of the opposition folks in Congress: they keep smellin round—and unless we can git up another nullification, there will be trouble, not only about the Post-Office business, but some other branches of the Departments.

Congress keeps hammerin away yet about the Deposits, and the Ginerall was jest agoin to give up, when we got the news from Albany of the vote of the Legislatur there in favor of the Ginerall in taking away the Deposits from the U. S. Bank, and the vote of the New-Jarsey Legislatur, and strong news too that some other Legislatures wo'd do the same. The Ginerall was amazinly tickled, and says he, 'Major, I reckon your notion that the people warn't with us on that pint, is a mistake; and now,' says the Ginerall, 'I'll hang on and keep the Deposits, and Biddle may whistle for 'em.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, we'll see, and as I said afore, if the people don't tell their Legislatures another story, and Congress too, afore we are a month older, then,' says I, 'I know nothin on 'em.' 'Very well Major,' says the Ginerall, 'we'll see.'

And jest then in come Amos and the Globe man, and some more of our folks, and lookin pretty streaked too, and I got a notion right off there was somethin stirrin; and so they began to tell the Ginerall that Biddle was to work bribin all the people he could to sign petitions to Congress, askin to put back in the Bank all the Deposits agin, and to re-charter the Bank. 'Why,' says the Ginerall, 'ain't that too bad, Major—we must give the Bank,' says he, 'that Latin pill, there is nothin will stop 'em but that skiry factus' (or some sich name, the Ginerall calls it). 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, stop a bit,' says I; 'there is one thing puzzles me considerable about this bribin business—I should like to know who they be who are takin bribes—it ain't in the natur of things,' says I, 'for Squire Biddle to bribe the friends of the Bank, for that would be useless—then,' says I, 'it must be that he is bribin the enemies of the Bank, and that's our party. Now,' says I, 'will you set by and hear folks say, that our party is sich a scabby set of fellows as to take bribes—if you do,' says I, 'I wont,' and with that I riz up, but afore I could git round the corner of the table, I and the Ginerall was alone agin. I sot down and said

nothin—I gritted my teeth a spell, but that didn't do much good—I took my knife and whittled the table, but that warn't much better, and the only way to rights that put me in a good temper agin, was to whistle more than 40 varses of Yankee Doodle, for I didn't like to say a word to the Ginerall whilst I was in a pashin. The Ginerall was all the while walkin up and down the room—so as soon as I got through whistlin; says I, 'Ginerall, I guess we best say nothin more about bribin,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I reckon you are right—for the notion never struck me afore that that kinder talk hits right upon the heads of our friends, for they are the only ones that need bribin.' 'Now,' says I 'Ginerall, jest lets you and I sit down and talk over this business, and I'll tell you, like a true friend, how the cat is goin to jump, and if it don't turn out as I tell you, I'll give you my ax, and throw in my regimentals in the bargain;' and so the Ginerall he sot down and I went at it.

'In the first place,' says I, 'if I git in a pashin, you must keep cool—and if you git in a pashin I'll keep cool; but if we both git in a pashin, then there is no tellin.' 'Well,'

says the Ginerl, 'that is a good notion, Major, for that's jest the way the Ingins do, and they larn wisdom from natur—you never see an Ingin and his squaw git drunk together: when one gits drunk, tother keeps sober, and so they take turn and turn about.' 'Well,' says I, 'I never heard that afore; but I suppose, tho', they git along better when they are both sober.' 'Oh yes,' says the Ginerl, 'in war time that is best, but not in treaty time.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's no matter, that ain't exactly what I am arter, but I've got a notion out on't which I'll begin with: Some years ago the Yankees got drunk, and got up a kinder nullification—there warn't much in it arter all, according to my old friend Dwight's book, but folks South thought there was, and so they kept sober—and last year the South got drunk, and then all North kept sober, and that frolic is ended. Now,' says I, 'North, and South, and East, and West are all sober, and all shakin hands, and they say *we* have been takin a drop too much—there ain't no nullification nowhere in particular, but its all nullification all about us, and all hands are formin a ring and closin in upon us here, pretty much like a wolf hunt—they all say we have

taken the money that belongs to the people, and the people won't be content till we give it up—that's pretty much the *nub* of the business—and we shall have petitions and memorials from all quarters tumblin in upon us, and if we don't mind them they will be follow'd by hard knocks, jest like the story in the old spellin books about the old man drivin the boys from his apple-tree—he throw'd grass first, and that doin no good, he tried stones, and that brought 'em down pritty quick.'

The Ginerall he begun to git in a pashin—and says he, 'Major, I'm gittin mad.' 'Very well,' says I, 'Ginerall, I'll keep cool accordin to agreement.' And with that the Ginerall slatted round a spell with his hickory, and talked about New-Orleans, and Siminoli, and the Grand Tower, and I sat whittlin all the while. 'Why, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'I'll never give up the Deposits in the world.' 'What,' says I, 'not if the people say we was wrong in takin 'em? Suppose the people say the Laws are agin us, what then?' 'Well,' says the Ginerall, 'I've tell'd 'em that the Laws are only jest as I understand 'em, and nothin else.' 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, suppose Clay, or Calhoun, or Webster was in your office

and said jest so—and you was in Congress, or was one of the people, and didn't agree with 'em, how then ?' says I. 'Oh,' says the Gineral, 'that's a very different thing—any of them fellows would be dangerous to trust with any kind of power.' 'Well,' says I, 'my notion is, howsever, that the law don't mean to trust nobody—and as I am peskily afeard one or tother on 'em will git in here arter we go to the Hermitage—I don't want to have any thing done now by us that they will do, and then tell us they only do what we did. That's the only thing that puzzles me—for,' says I, 'Gineral, sass for the goose ought to be sass for the gander too.'

'Well,' says the Gineral, 'there is somethin in that, Major—but,' says he, 'I can't give up the Deposits anyhow—Amos says we must hold on to 'em, and all our folks say so too.' 'Yes,' says I, 'Gineral, it's true enuff, the hounds have got the stag down, and got a taste on him afore the hunters come up—and I suppose there will be leetle left but the horns and trotters : but,' says I, 'it ain't right, and the people will tell us so, you may depend—and all I have to say is, if what we have done is to be the rule herearter, I dont know but I

should like to be President myself—for folks might make Laws, and all I'd have to do would be jest to understand 'em accordin to my notion.'

'I don't see, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'how it is you git sich odd notions about public sentiment. I know I can't be mistaken, for every letter I have time to read tells me I am right; and I read the Globe from one eend to t'other every day, and that paper tells every thing, and I see nothin there that tells me I am rong.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerl, you know you hain't got time to read more than one letter in a hundred that comes.' 'That's true enuff,' says the Ginerl; 'but then our folks do, and they tell me every thing.' 'Tell you every thing?' says I,—'but no matter'—and so I whistled Yankee Doodle a spell. 'No, no, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'the opposition folks throw dust in your eyes; you don't see things as clear as the rest of our folks about us.' I jest was goin to speak, but findin my dander was liftin, I had to go to whistlin agin, and it took me nigh upon 15 minits to git right; and I expected every minit I would have to git my ax and split hickory a spell in the bargain. 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerl, you are the ony man on earth

I'd look at a minit, and let him say so to me. I got dust in my eyes?' says I. 'I not know what is goin on in doors and out of doors? why,' says I, 'how you talk!' 'Now,' says I, 'you jist set still a minit, and I'll show you somethin,' says I, 'worth lookin into'—and I went into a room where Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of our folks git together every once in a while, to manage and talk over matters, and I've seen so much of the games play'd there, and bein naturally curious in most matters, I can play some on 'em nigh upon as slick as Mr. Van Buren himself—but he is a master-hand at it. The game they had been playin most at latterly was about managin the public money among the new Deposit Banks, and showin how to use the '*transfer-checks*' and '*contingent drafts*,' so as to puzzle folks in time and need. It was done with a parcel of cups and balls, and little strips of paper—and did tickle me amazinly; and for a spell puzzled me too—and so I thought I'd jest show the Ginerall, and see if it wouldn't tickle him and puzzle him too. And I thought I'd let the Ginerall see if there warn't a leetle dust in his eyes too. And so I brought in a hull arm full of this machinery.

And as soon as the Ginerall saw me, 'Why,' says he, 'Major, what on earth have you got there?' 'Why,' says I, 'it's a trifle, and I'll tell you all about it to rights.' And so I placed the cups bottom up, all along in a row on the table, and then I gin the ginerall a hand full of small balls. 'Now,' says I, 'I'm goin to show you about as cute a thing as you've seen in many a day—them cups they call banks, and them balls is the money we took from Squire Biddle's Bank; the next thing is to show you how things are goin to work, now that we've got our money from one pocket, where we always know'd where to find it, and divided it round among twenty pockets, where may-be you may or may-be you may not find nothin at all on't—and here,' says I, 'are some leetle pieces of paper that our folks make use on to throw dust with—now,' says I, 'Ginerall, look sharp, or you're gone, hook and line,' says I. 'It's a plaguy cunnin game, and I don't know sartin that I can play it as well as Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of them 'ere folks, and especially the Treasury folks, for they have been at it now off and on ever since I've been here—and Mr. Van Buren tell'd 'em unless they could

play *this game* well, there was no use in takin away the deposits. Now,' says I, 'Gineral, I'll begin—you are sartin,' says I, 'there is a ball under ev'ry cup'—'O yes,' says the Gineral, 'for I jest put 'em there ;' and then I began slidin the cups by each other, and mixin on 'em, and kept talkin about Glory and Reform, and the 8th January, and the Proclamation, and Veto, and Nullification, and some folks bein like old Romans born to command, and others to obey, and so on : and jest as the Gineral took his eye off the cups and look'd at me, and was goin to say somethin, I slap'd some cups together, and call'd out, 'Hocus-pocus, alicam pain, presto, e pluribus unum, sine qua non, skiry factious,' says I—'there,' says I, 'Gineral, that's the eend on't.' 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'I don't see much in that, Major.' 'Didn't you ?' says I : 'then so much the better for the game. I suppose, then,' says I, 'you think the balls are under the cups jest as you put them.' 'To be sure I do,' says the Gineral ; 'I suspected what you was after, Major, and I kept my eye on the cups, and no balls could ever git from under 'em without my seein 'em. I'd stake my life on't,' says the Gineral ; 'and what's more,

I'll stake the fastest horse in my stable, that every one of the cups has got a ball under 'em.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, it wouldn't be fare bettin ; and so do you go to work and look.' And the Gineral he lifted up one cup, and there warn't nothin under it but a piece of paper. The Gineral he was stump'd ; he look'd at me, and gin his face a twist, and then he look'd in the cup, and shook it. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, that is plaguy odd ; what has become of that ball ?' 'Well,' says I, 'I guess the paper will tell you :' and the Gineral took up that, and rub'd his specks, and read, 'Transfer draft, No. 101.' 'Well then, I suppose,' says the Gineral, 'it's all right' (for he jest began to take the notion of the game)—'and instead of one ball in the next cup, there is two balls.' 'I'm not sartin,' says I ; 'and you'd better look.' And so the Gineral lifted the next cup—and there warn't no balls there nother—only another piece of paper. The Gineral look'd a spell at me, and open'd his mouth, and then he scratched his head, and took off his specks, and rub'd them agin, and then he read the paper. On one side was, 'Contingent check \$500,000'—and on t'other side was written, 'Marquis of Carmar-

thon, \$250,000—6 per ct.’—‘*Post-Office loans*’—and all kiver’d up with figers, so you could not see a bit of ‘*White*’ on the paper. The Ginerall he blink’d at it a spell; and says he, ‘Major, what does this mean?’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Ginerall, I don’t exactly know myself; but I suppose it’s all right, for I see here on one corner ‘*Amos Kindle*.’” ‘O, very well,’ says the Ginerall, ‘if that paper has pass’d under the eye of ‘*honest Amos*,’ my life on’t, it’s all right. But, Major, where is the ball I put under that cup?’ says the Ginerall: ‘ain’t it under one of these cups?’ ‘Not as I knows on,’ says I—and with that the Ginerall he turn’d to agin, liftin the cups, and shakin on ’em, and lookin into ’em, and there warn’t a ball under nary one on ’em—ony pieces of paper, all full of figerin, and some on ’em marked, ‘*Transfer Checks*,’ and ‘*Contingent Drafts*,’ and ‘*Treasury Warrants*.’ The Ginerall hussled ’em about to see if he could find any of them balls among ’em—and examined all the cups agin; and he looked under the tables: so to rights, says he, ‘Major, I’m stump’d—I nock under—I’m clean beat,’ says the Ginerall; ‘and now,’ says he, ‘where are the balls?’ And with that I put my hand in my pocket, and

took 'em out. 'Well,' says the General, 'that beats all the rest. Now,' says the Ginerl, 'what game is this? ain't this nickremancy?' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerl, my notion is pretty nigh that, but Mr. Van Buren says there ain't a bit of nickremancy in it—it's only *financery*; but I suppose it's a leetle of both on 'em.' 'Well,' says the Ginerl, 'its a plaguy cunnin game, Major, ain't it?' 'O,' says I, 'it's nothin as I play it here—you should see Mr. Van Buren at one eend of a table, and honest Amos at t'other, and some of the folks from York State with the 'Safety Fund' cups, too, strung around the table, and all on 'em understandin the game nigh upon as well as Mr. Van Buren—and then they bring in the 'party cups' too—and such a movin and hocus-pocus work I never see afore in my born days—in lookin sometimes I wouldn't bet I had a head on my shoulders—it beats all natur,' says I.

'Now, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'suppose you try it agin:' and so, as I got my hand in, played it over two or three times a leetle slicker, and the Ginerl couldn't see the trick no way—for when I'd find him watchin plaguy close, I'd spread the cups as far as I could reach, and talk about 'Glory' like all rath, and

tell about the people's beginnin to think that some folks was outwittin the Ginerl, and that Congress wouldn't go home afore they git all the public 'counts sifted, and the people's money back agin under their control; and as the Ginerl couldn't keep his eye on all the cups at once, I'd *hocus-pocus* agin. The Ginerl couldn't see into it; and he rub'd his specks more than twenty times, but that didn't git the dust out of his eyes; and then I turn'd to and explain'd all I know'd about it to the Ginerl, and he tried it—and after a good many slips—pretty much as Major Barry did when *he* tried it—he got along pretty well, considering. 'Now, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'suppose we try it with one cup, and put all the balls under it, and see how the game works that way. I think,' says the Ginerl, 'if you can outwit me then, I may as well quit.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerl, that was jest my notion too; and I tell'd our folks, and offer'd to bet any on 'em they couldn't git a single ball out, or git a piece of paper in the place on't, without my seein it, if they only used one cup; and not one on 'em would take me up—and I've tried it, but it won't work with one cup—you must have a good string

on 'em. Some of our folks said they could fix a cup so as to play the game with it—but they couldn't with a plain single cup—and sein that, I stump'd 'em about the single cup; they are all at work now in all parts of the country, inventin a cup with springs, and screws, and slides, and holes inside on't.' 'Well, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'I don't like to have dust thrown in my eyes, and I never did like this kind of *hocus-pocus* work; I never understood it; and I don't like this kind of *nickremancy*, or *financy*—and it ain't to my *fancy* at any rate, Major, and it shan't be, that I'm detarmin'd upon'—and jest then in come a hull raft of our folks from Congress, to tell the Ginerl what was goin on there; and as I had this letter to write to you, I went into the next room; and whilst I was writin it, I'd hear the Ginerl once in a while stormin away about that plaguy game of '*financy*,' and '*nickremancy*.' 'There won't be a dollar left,' says the Ginerl, 'to pay the old sogers their pensions, if we don't put a stop to this game;' and then they all got to blusterin—and '*we* must,' and '*we* musn't do this and that.' 'Oho,' thinks I, 'when folks talk of *we*, it's time for me to take a hand:' and jest as I

was goin to start, I heard the Ginerál roar out for me; and not knowin what was comin, I jest grab'd my ax, and was alongside of him in a flash: and would you think it? there was more than fifty fellers of our folks, and some on 'em from Congress too, all standin round in a ring, brow-beatin the Ginerál, and tellin him not to do this, and not to do that, and by no means not to bréak their cups; for, it seems, the Ginerál had jest threatened to smash 'em; and sure enuff, as soon as he saw me, he let drive at 'em with his hickory, and he sent the cups and balls into more than a thousand bits. 'Stand by, Major,' says the Ginerál. 'Never you fear me, Ginerál,' says I: but afore I had time to spit in my hands, the Ginerál finished the war; there warn't a critter left. And ever since, the Ginerál has bin blowin off steam; and he hain't said a word to me about havin dust in my eyes; and I begin to think the Ginerál finds he has had as much in his'n as most folks: and so that's all for the present; only I'll jest tell you it's no use for any one to attempt now to deceive the Ginerál with new plans, and a new Bank—we'll have the one we've got made a leetle bigger, pretty much after Mr. Webster's fash-

ion ; and that meets my notion, because the country is bigger than it was 20 years ago—and there mustn't be no nickremancy about it. The Ginerall says there must be only a plain cup, and all the balls in it ; then there will be no hocus-pocus without seein the trick on't. So no more at present.

From your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXVIII.

*More Nickremancy—The General gets his Hand in—
Difference between a Tammany Man and other Men
—Hints at the Origin and Object of Safety Fund
Banks—Character of Moneyed Aristocracies—Differ-
ence between I and other Folks—A P.S., acknow-
ledging the Reception of another Present.*

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, January 31st, 1834.

I AND the Ginerall have had a good many talks about nickremancy and financy, ever since I show'd him that game of Mr. Van Buren's with the cups and balls; and every day arter breakfast, we talk and practise a spell. The Ginerall will say, 'Come, Major, now let's suppose this here cup is sich a Bank, and this lump of sugar is the deposit in that; and then sich a cup is sich a Bank, and that 'ere sasser is sich a Bank;' and so we go on, till we turn bottom-up all the cups and sassers on the table, and take nigh upon half the lumps of sugar out of the sugar-dish; and then we

go to movin, and slidin, and playin hocus-pocus—and the Ginerall gits so tickled at it (now he is gittin to know the game), that I am peskily afeard he'll forgit there is danger in it; and Mr. Van Buren has been tellin him 'the Goverment' can't hold together no way unless this game is kept up.

The news of the great meetin at Tammany Hall has jest got here by express; and honest Amos, and Mr. Van Buren, and a hull raft of our folks come right in, enymost out of breath, to talk about the 'glory' on't to the Ginerall; and they tell the Ginerall that if ony 100 folks go to that 'ere Hall, there is more dependence to be put in their resolutions, than in any other resolutions, no matter if all the rest of that big city agree to 'em. The Ginerall can't contradict this, because, as he says, Mr. Van Buren knows more about York State than all the rest of creation. I was tellin the Ginerall what Zekel Bigelow tell'd me, in his letter about the vote of the Legislatur of York State, consarnin the removal of the deposits, and consarnin the Bank—that the last election in York State was no guide on this matter—that the Clay party, and the hull opposition party to us, didn't do nothin, but kept sayin among

themselves, 'give 'em rope,' 'make no opposition;' and in many places we had it all our own way; and that the ony fightin was among our own folks; and in some places we come plaguy nigh beatin ourselves. But if the election was to go over now, the people wouldn't elect a critter in that state who voted in favour of the resolutions. The Ginerall says he don't believe it; and that Zekel is wrong; and that Mr. Wright, in the Senate, says as much—and 'you can't make *Wright wrong*, Major,' says the Ginerall (the Ginerall is plaguy witty sometimes). 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, what do you think of them memorials and petitions comin on here from New-York? There is names enuff there,' says I, 'to carry any election agin us.' 'Yes,' says the Ginerall, 'there is a good many on 'em, sure enuff; but Mr. Van Buren says that one rale Tammany man is worth a thousand on 'em; and he has written on to git up a petition in old Tammany; and then you'll see, Major, how the cat will jump. Our folks there have got somethin to lose, if they don't work sharp. The opposition folks haven't got no offices to lose; and they know they hain't got no chance for any vacancies when there

is any. Now our folks have ; and that makes 'em pretty keen.' 'Well,' says I, 'there is somethin in that, Ginerall ; but,' says I, 'suppose a meetin of mechanics and land-holders, merchants and traders, and all kind of folks who don't git their livin out of offices, but work for it in trades of all kinds, and who have got families to support—folks who love the laws, and say they must be executed ; suppose,' says I, 'they call a meetin in New-York, and instead of meetin at night in a tavern all lighted up, and with picters at the windows, should all come together at noon-day in the Park there in front of the City Hall, where I and you shook hands with so many folks last summer, and should pass resolutions, tellin us they believ'd we was wrong in havin any thing to do with takin the public mony—that it belonged to Congress only to manage such things for them—and that it was owin to this that confidence and credit is destroy'd, and they are sufferin—how then ?' says I. 'Well,' says the Ginerall, 'until the people do that, it ain't my fault, Major, in believin that they think we are doin jest right.' 'But,' says I, 'suppose they do so, and nigh upon all the city goes there?' 'Then, Major,' says the

Gineral, 'I reckon it would stump us—but I suppose if we call in Mr. Van Buren, he can show us with the cups and balls how to play 'em.' 'Well,' says I, 'he may ; but I guess it would stump him too a trifle.'

The Gineral says Mr. Van Buren talks a good deal about the fear of 'monied aristocracy'—but I can see threw that pretty clear ; and if the people don't, too, it ain't my fault. There is one kind of *monied aristocracy* I am plaguy afeard of—and that is when politicians manage to git hold of the mony of the people, and keep turnin it to their own account,—first git hold of the mony that don't belong to 'em, and then buy up a party with it. If people don't keep an eye to this pint, it's all over with 'em.

'I have no fear, Gineral,' says I, 'of 'monied aristocracy,' as some folks call it, provided we let people manage *their own* mony—and if they want to make a Bank, and a good strong one too, let 'em have it—but let 'em manage it themselves, or let 'em appint their own folks to manage it for 'em. It ain't in the natur of things, for people who have got mony to lend, to do any thing agin the gineral prosperity of the country ; for if the

country don't prosper, or if it gits into a snarl, they lose their mony. So they are the very kind of folks who are always tryin to keep things strait, and accordin to law. Whenever they take a hand in politics, it is to prevent politicians gittin things wrong eend first.

'People who have got mony never will consent to let politicians manage it for 'em, because they know from natur, and all creation has shown it, that as soon as politicians git hold of *other folks' mony*, they sift it round plaguy ginerous, jest to git into office; and then, to keep themselves in office, don't care what it costs, provided they pay away mony that don't belong to 'em.'

Now this is the hull drift of the business. Mr. Van Buren is tryin plaguy hard to take the Ginerals place, when the Ginerals time is up—and as the people don't know him as well as they do the Ginerals, because he hain't fought as many battles, he is cunnin enuff to secure himself on another tack, and that is, by gittin the control of the mony of the country. This he has been to work at for a long while. In York State his party has ben practisin in this way for some years—first, in lettin folks know that the ony way to git a

Bank Charter was, by promisin to divide the stock round in a particular way—but as this would, in time, all git back in the hands of the rich, or them folks who had no other way of usin their mony, and would pay the most for the stock—and then they wouldn't let politicians manage it for 'em. This puzzled Mr. Van Buren a spell, till the *Safety Fund* notion was shown to him: now, thinks he, I've got it; and all that is to be done is, to try and make this plan work in the place of the U. S. Bank—for Mr. Van Buren saw long ago that as he had no hand in makin or keepin up the U. S. Bank, but Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Clay, and all the other opposite folks to him had, he naturally got a notion the safest way was, to put down the U. S. Bank, and put his *Safety Fund Bank* right in the place on't. And there ain't no other reason in the world why Mr. Van Buren is opposed to the U. S. Bank. And he got another notion: he thought if he could ony bring all the *Safety Fund Banks* in opposition to the U. S. Bank, he would figer out a pretty good sum in politics—for as there was over 300 State Banks, and ony one U. S. Bank, it would work amazin well in his favour—and he

could, on that tack, out-vote any man opposed to him. But, as I have said afore to you, in one of my letters, when a man attempts to work out politics with mony matters, unless he is amazin cute, he is apt to fail—for folks sometimes, who stick ony to mony matters, and think they know all about it, find it turns out right tother way—and that's Mr. Van Buren's trouble now—he is ony a politician, and a plaguy cunnin one too—and he is a master hand at managin things, and gittin all his folks into office, and jist them kind of folks, too, who don't like to git a livin in any other way—and then he knows they will work plaguy sharp for him, and to keep themselves in office—and will do pretty much any thing, too. And then, agin, he is a master hand at trippin folks who stand in his way, and afore they know it they are flat on their backs. I and the Ginerall laff sometimes right out for more than half an hour whenever we talk over that business of Calhoun—never was a man so completely outwitted—and the best on't was, Mr. Calhoun never could put his finger on Mr. Van Buren and say, you did this, or you did that. Mr. Van Buren is a rale fox in sich matters—he never

lets nobody track him if he can help it—he has more wit than the Ginerál—for he manages to let the Ginerál take all the responsibility, and he don't take a mite on't: that's natural enuf, too, for he knows the people will hurraw, right or rong, if they ony see the Ginerál—but if they saw anybody else, they'd begin to think and talk about Law and Constitution; and that would git Mr. Van Buren in trouble right off.

After talkin over this matter a spell with the Ginerál—'Now,' says I, 'Ginerál, I see, jist as clear as I see you, that the hull country is goin right into trouble; and if we don't change our course we shall all go, hook and line; for as soon as the next election comes on, the people won't send back to Congress here not a single man who says we are right now in what we have done—we have gone right agin the Law; and as a proof on't, look how things now be, compar'd with what they was—and if we go on so a leetle longer we shan't be much better off than one of the South American Goverments, which nobody has got any confidence in, because the laws ain't no guide there—every man who gits in office there follows the law jist as long as it

suits him, and when it don't suit him he does jist what he pleases. Now,' says I, 'the people of this country won't allow that; they have made laws, and they say they must be executed and follow'd, or else there ain't no use to have any Laws. Why,' says I, 'Gineral, if you wan't here yourself, the people would no more stand still and let things go on as they are now goin, than I would swallow your hickory,' says I—'for the land's sake,' says I, 'jist look at it: and, as I said afore, suppose any of them opposition folks, such as Clay, or Webster, or Calhoun, or Adams, or any body in creation, was jist to do some things that we have done, and you and I was in the Senate, or in tother House, or was among the people, why,' says I, 'we'd raise all creation agin 'em—I would,' says I, 'in a minit.' 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'when I come to think on't, Major, I don't know but I would too; but then there is a plaguy deal of difference betwixt them fellows and Andrew Jackson.' And with that the Gineral rub'd his specks, and fix'd 'em close up to his eyes, and took his hickory, and began to walk up and down, talking about the popularity and the *glory* of his administration—'Why,' says the

Gineral, nothin can hold a candle to it—it will be jist like a *light-house* to all the folks that come arter us, Major.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, that's pretty much my notion too. But the worst on't is, some, I'm afear'd, will say that *light-houses* don't always stand in safe places—but sarve to tell folks '*there is danger nigh*,' and to look out sharp or they'll go bump ashore. So no more at present,

From your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

P.S.—I got your letter, which you tied fast to a *Patent Metallic Hone and Strap, for Razors*, which was handed to you to send to me, by the maker and patentee, *Mr. E. M. Pomeroy, of Wallingford, Conn.*; and who tells me in his letter, that he hopes I'll accept on't as a present from him. If I warn't so busy I'd write him a letter of thanks. But jist to save postage, if your paper goes to Wallingford, send him one containing this letter. It's a complete strap as you ever see; and as soon as it was known about here that I had received it, nigh upon all our folks have ben sendin to borrow it. Some on 'em won't be

the worse for the use on't, for there are a good many here who keep about '*half-shaved*' all the while; and I tell 'em if they use this strap, I'll warrant their razors will cut without whisky.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXIX.

Presentation of Committees—The General shows his Skill in Reception—A Mistake—The Mechanics not Tammany men—The real Simon Pures Coming—Dennis McLoony—Further Particulars promised in the next Letter.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 15th February, 1834.

EVER since I have bin in the Goverment, I never have had so much on my hands as I have since I wrote you my last letter. Folks are pourin in here from all quarters, and bringin petitions and memorials—some on 'em jest as much as a man can lift; and when they come to stretch them out, they kiver all Congress. Most all the Committees that come on here call to see me and the Ginerall, and the work of presentin them to the Ginerall has kept me busy enuff, I tell you. The first and biggest Committee that came here was from the New-York Marchants and Traders. I tell'd the Ginerall, says I, 'now, Ginerall, is our time to brush up all we know about trade and

mony business; for,' says I, 'them New-Yorkers evry one on 'em has got his eye-teeth cut, and they hain't come down here at this season threw the mud for nothin,' says I; 'and as they are comin to see us to-morrow we better spring to it now,' says I, 'Gineral, and git evry thing cut and dried for 'em;' and I and the Gineral went to work makin a kinder shamfight on't. I see pretty quick it wouldn't do, for the Gineral would fly right off the handle, and talk about *Glory*, and *New-Orleans*, and *Reform*, and about *his rights*, and *his Government*, and the GREAT EXPERIMENT, and wind up by blowing Squire Biddle all to splinters. 'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, that won't do at all,' says I; 'them ain't the kind of folks to talk to so; they hain't come here to talk about 'Glory;' they have got enuff of that,' says I, 'in New-York already; and Reform, too,' says I. 'Why,' says I, 'Gineral, my friend Zekel Bigelow tells me there is so much of that in New-York, that folks are breakin all to bits there, and it has crowded evry dollar out of trade. Now,' says I, 'I guess the best way for us is to hear what these New-Yorkers have got to say, and then bow 'em off as quick as possible; and don't ask 'em any questions, and they

won't ask us any—for if they git us on that tack,' says I, 'we'll go bump ashore, now I tell you ;' and so the Ginerall began to think that was the best way, and if he was to say any thing in reply, it would be the old story—and the Ginerall has tell'd that over so often, I think he could say evry word on't in his sleep.

Well, the next mornin, sure enuff, I see 'em comin ; and I call'd the Ginerall, and he took his stand right in the middle of the room, and I stood a leetle ahead on him, 'twixt him and the door—and in they come, jest for all the world as folks come to meetin ; and I turn'd to and introduced 'em to the Ginerall, and we shook hands all round. The Ginerall is plaguy cunnin in such times—he was mad enuff to snap his hickory right in two pieces ; but he put on a plaguy good-natur'd look ; and as soon as we got threw shakin hands, one on em—a rale spunky-lookin critter, jest about sich another lookin chap as Squire Biddle, and talk'd about as glib about mony matters—he stepp'd out and spoke for the rest on 'em, and he went on now jest as cool as though he hadn't lost a dollar since we begun the war. He was as civil, too, as you ever see ; he tell'd the Ginerall pretty much how things was

workin, and how they was goin to work ; and when he come to speak of the Ginerál's *grand experiment*, he tell'd him pretty plain it wouldn't work right. The Ginerál was jest a goin to let him have his notions, but I pull'd him a twich by the coat, and he stopp'd : but as soon as he got threw and bow'd, the Ginerál begun, and tell'd him the first go off *he was mistaken* : that there warn't a man in the hull State of Tennessee know'd half so much about banks, and banking, and trade, as he did—and so long as he was President he'd let folks know what was the rale meanin of 'Goverment.'

Biddle was a monster, and so was the Bank. Calhoun was a rascal, and so was Clay, and Webster, and McDuffie, and the hull raft of the opposition, and what puzzled him most was to find out which was the biggest rascal, the Bank or ary one of them other fellers, and he'd put 'em all down afore he was done with 'em. 'Hain't I saved the country,' says the Ginerál, 'more than fifty times ? If it hadn't been for me,' says he, 'the Ingins would now be in Wall-street, scalpin all on you, and the British would be all over Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Virginny.' And

so the Ginerall went on, and I couldn't stop him till he got right into 'Glory;' and so I thought 'twas best to begin to bow the folks off; and by the time the Ginerall got threw, he and I had it all to ourselves, and we sot down; the Ginerall he was a good deal struck up and beat out, but he is as tuff as all natur, and can go threw jest sich a tug evry day, ony give him a leetle time to take wind; and so he took off his specks, and went to rubbin 'em, and we begun to talk about it. Says he, 'Major, I reckon I gave 'em a 'skiery factious' that time, didn't I? You see,' says the Ginerall, 'I asked 'em no questions, and that kept things snug. Do you know, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'I didn't like the looks of that feller a bit who did all the talkin for his companions: did you understand, Major, all that he telled about?' says the Ginerall. 'Pretty considerable,' says I. And so I telled it all over to the Ginerall in my own way. 'Well,' says the Ginerall, 'I am glad I didn't understand him, for now as you tell it it stumps me considerable.' The Ginerall he sat still a moment, and begun to count on his fingers; and to rights says he, 'Major, who was that?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, he is the son of a man I've heard

you tell on a thousand times.' And as soon as I spoke the name, the Gineral he started up, and says he, 'Major, 'tis impossible—what, the son of Rufus King! Why,' says he, 'Major, he was always one of my best friends, and was jest the kind of man I liked—he was as firm as granit, and knowed more about Banks, and public matters than any one I ever met—he was a rale patriot, and an honest man.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, that you said, and I have a notion, too, that he was in favour of the National Bank, and jest sich a one as we got now.' 'That is true enuff,' says the Gineral, 'but that was when I thought jest so too: folks should change their opinions, Major, when *'the Government'* changes their'n.' 'Well,' says I, 'I didn't think of that.' 'I wish,' says the Gineral, 'I'd a know'd who that chap was; I'd a made him shake his shoes for darin to jine them rascally Marchants and 'Traders agin *my experiments*.' 'I guess,' says I, 'Gineral, that wouldn't a been an easy job, for I kept my eye on that crittur the hull time, and kept thinkin all the while of what I've hearn you say about his father, and thinks I, 'that's a rale chip of the old block.' But come,'

says I, 'Gineral, we've got more work to-morrow; there's another committee from New-York bringin another mile of names, all Mechanics,' says I, 'rale hard-fisted fellows.' 'What,' says the Gineral, 'Mechanics, Major!' And he sprung up and danced round like a boy. 'Them are the fellows, Major,' says he, 'strait from Tammany Hall,' says the Gineral, 'now you'll have another story, Major—none of your Traders and Marchants for me—there ain't a spark of patriotism in the hull on 'em—but the Mechanics—give me the Mechanics; and now, Major, turn to and get a table well spread, and dinner on it at 12 o'clock—that's the *rale working-man's* dinner hour: and let us put on our old coats, and don't shave to-morrow (the Gineral is plagy cunnin in sich matters). So the next day, sure enuff, in they come, and we turned to shakin hands. 'Aha, my friends,' says the Gineral, 'these are the hands I like to shake—no glove-work here—you are the men to tell Congress what to do: and,' says the Gineral, 'any man in office, from the President downward, ought to mind what you tell 'em.' And the Gineral walk'd round among 'em and shook hands agin, and slap'd 'em on the shoulders; and took a quid

of tobacco from one on 'em, and gin another a chaw out of his own box ; and was as happy as you ever see, and spry as a cricket too.

‘Now, my friends,’ says the Ginerl, ‘let’s talk over public matters:’ and with that one on ‘em stepp’d out and spoke for the rest ; and I never in my born days heard a crittur of his looks and trade, talk so about Banks and money matters—and he began back more than 30 years, when he was printis, and come up all along, and he did shave down and saw up party measures and party folks, and dove-tail’d matters so, that the Ginerl was stump’d : the Ginerl walk’d up to him and made plagy ugly faces at him ; but the crittur went on and talk’d right up to the Ginerl—and there warn’t a lump of sugar, or a drop of ile in the hull on’t. As soon as he stopp’d, the Ginerl gin him a hard look, and says he, ‘Stranger, what’s your trade?’ ‘A master carpenter, sir,’ said he.—‘I was your friend, Ginerl, and every man I employ’d was also, and we stuck to you till the measures of your administration have driven us out of employ—and here is a blacksmith, and here is a rope-maker.’ And so he went on pretty much threw all trades. ‘It gives me pain, Ginerl, to tell you that our families—’ and here he

stopp'd—he tried to speak, but he couldn't: he turn'd and walk'd to the window, and come back and tried it agin; and as soon as he'd come to speak about unemploy'd workmen and their families, he'd choke right up, and his lips would quiver so—I was jist agoin to step strait up and tell the Ginerall what this man wanted to say—but he got goin to rights himself, and wound up by bringin his fist down on the table so I had a notion it would go right threw—and the Ginerall's hat on the table bounced up, I tell you: and says he, 'there must be a change, Ginerall.' The Ginerall didn't like the looks and talk of this crittur nigh as well as the Marchants and Traders' man the day afore. He tried 'em a spell with 'glory and reform,' but that didn't do no good, and that got the Ginerall's dander up, too, and so says he, 'Strangers, the next time you come to talk with 'the Goverment,' you must get your representatives to come with you:' but they tell'd the Ginerall they had none, and hadn't had any for a long while; *but they would arter next election.*

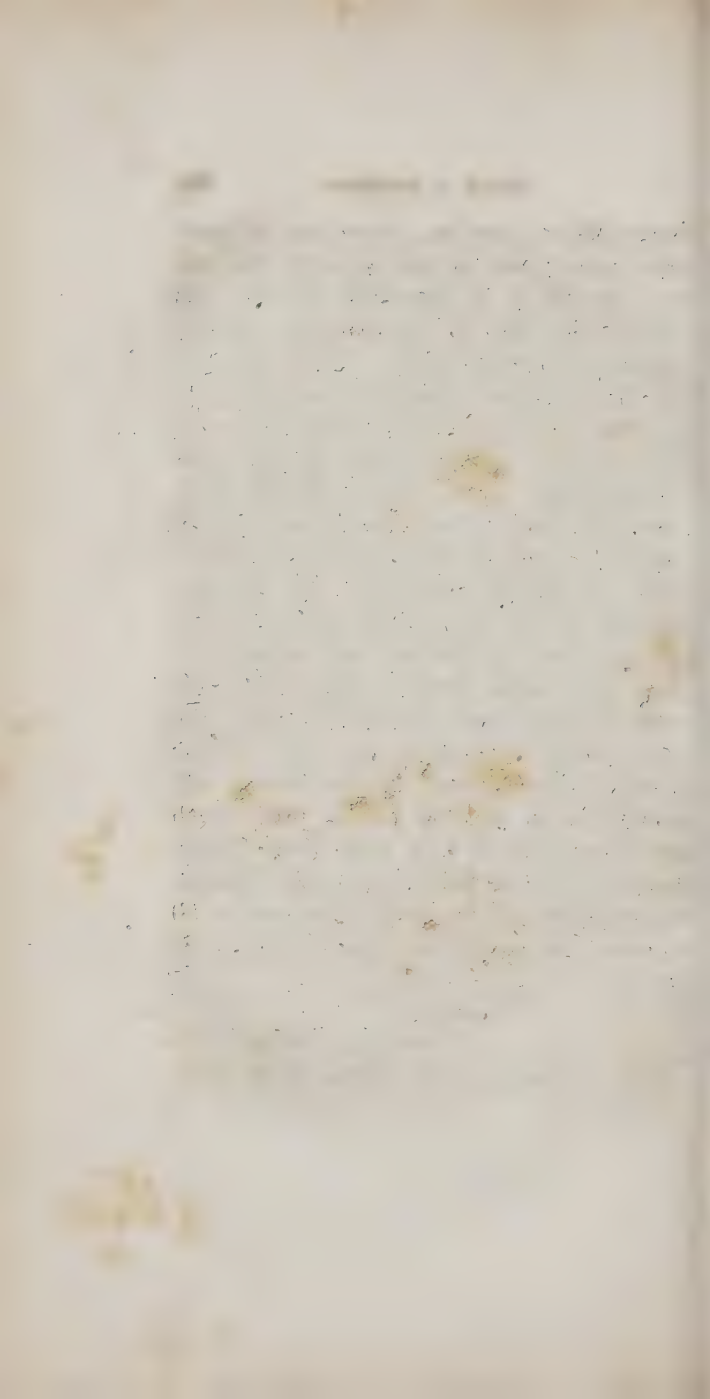
'The Ginerall took the hint in a minit; and says he (for he was plagy struck up by it), 'If you dare to change any of your representatives at the next election (except one), I'll

put your city, the hull scrape on't, over on my friend Swartwout's meadows, in Jarsy. I'll let you know that I am tryin *an experiment*, and will try it, come what will—I've said I would, and right or wrong I'll do it, if I die ten thousand Spanish Inquisitions. And now, Strangers, clear out and go home.' And as soon as the Ginerál put on his hat, they put on their'n and walk'd out. But it did make me feel plagy sad and heavy to see folks come so fur, threw the middle of winter, and go home empty-handed. The Ginerál was in a pesky bad temper all day, and so was I; but Mr. Van Buren, and some of the Congressmen from York State come in, and made clear weather agin, by tellin us they expected ev'ry minit another committee from New-York, of the *rale stuff*, and no mistake about 'em, and right strait from Tammany Hall, too, and they read over the names. 'There, that one,' says Mr. Van Buren, 'is an old friend of mine, he was Mayor once, and is now a Banker; he knows ev'ry thing, and can tell in a minit the difference between a crooked account and a *fair business transaction*. And here is another, he sent you a big bald-headed eagle once, Ginerál, don't you remember? and by-

the-by, Major,' says he, 'he is one of your countrymen ; and the rest,' says Mr. Van Buren, 'are all to be depended on—the first people of the city, in fact the party couldn't hang together without 'em.' 'Well,' says the General, 'this is somethin like ; and now,' says he, 'the best way would be, when they come, to let Congress out, and let all our folks have a hollow-day.' Well, sure enuff they have come, and we have had *some* on 'em here, but I han't got time to tell you about it in this letter, but will in my next. And I've got somethin to tell you, too, about a new man, jest come here all the way from Ireland ; his name is Dennis McLoony, he is a good-natured crittur, and the General likes him nigh about as much as he does me. I don't know what he is arter, and the General don't nother, but he says he can do pritty much any thing, and he tells some plagy funny stories for us—we hain't got no office for him yit, but there will be some holes soon to fill up here ; and by his tell he can fit plagy nigh eny place.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.



LETTER XXX.

Some of the real "Simon Pures" at the White House—Awkwardness of Mr. McLooney, a new Member of the Kitchen Cabinet—The General is thereby Pothered, and falls into sundry Mistakes—Prosperous times at home—A Family Dinner—Some good Jobs in Prospect—A small "Business Transaction" with the Treasury—A general "Hurraw" for "Glory," &c.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 21st February, 1834.

IN my last letter I tell'd you about my presentin to the Ginerall them two Committees from New York—one of the Marchants and Traders, and tother of the Mechanics, and how the Ginerall thought the last come right from Tammany Hall, and got into a plagy mistake about it. But I tell'd you that the rale Tammany folks did come; and now I'm goin to tell you what a high time we had here.

I got the list of names of the Committee, and I and the Ginerall went to work readin on 'em over and over, so as to git 'em glib—so, when the hour come, we got the room to rights, and the Ginerall took his stand right in

the middle on't, and I stood a leetle ahead on him, and Dennis McLooney, who I tell'd you about in my last, he said he best git by the door with the list of names, and call 'em out for us, and so let 'em come up to the Ginerall one at a time, and then there would be no mistake—He said that was exactly the way at all the great folks' houses in Ireland. But when they come, you never see sich work as Dennis made on't—he stopped the first one; and instead of lettin the man tell him what his name was, Dennis wanted to know if he was so and so: he took the first name on the list, and arter he'd tried 'em all round, he took the next name and tried 'em a spell at that,—and so on. I couldn't hear all that was said, for Dennis ony opened the door jist wide enuff to put his own head out, and kept talkin and scoldin like all natur; so to rights the Ginerall call'd out, and says he, 'Mr. McLooney, stand aside,' says he, 'and let our friends come in:' but Dennis jam'd the door right too, and turned and tell'd the Ginerall he didn't believe they were the persons the Ginerall expected; and so I had to go and let 'em in myself; and to keep Dennis out of trouble, I tell'd him to go in a corner, and look and larn somethin of American manners, afore he come to play

Irish here: and so in they come—but there was only three on 'em, and that made things easy for me; and as the Ginerel remembered as many of the names, he stepped up to 'em, and shook hands with 'em, and called 'em by the three first names on the list—to one he said, 'I am glad to welcome the man who was once Mayor of New-York, and I hope to see you Mayor agin,' says the Ginerel—'and you, my friend, I thank you once more for bringing me on here, jist arter my first election, that big bald-headed eagle: I was so busy then I had not time to do it; I am sorry to tell you that noble bird is dead,—but I *pre-sarved* all I could of him; I stuffed my arm-chair cushion with his feathers; my friend Mrs. E. made a fan of his tail, and I keep his quills to write my Proclamations and Vetoes with:' and so the Ginerel shook hands agin; and to rights, says he, 'where is the rest on you?' and he took up the list and read all their names over; and then come trouble. They told the Ginerel nary one on 'em ever had bin Mayor, and none on 'em ever sent an Eagle to the Ginerel; but one said he had the *honour* of makin the furniter for the Ginerel's room, when he was on at York, on the *Grand tower*; and then he handed the Ginerel his card, tellin

about his work ; and another stepp'd up, and tell'd the Ginerál he had the *honour* of sellin it at auction arter the Ginerál was done usin on't ; and he gin the Ginerál another card, tellin what his business was in York. The Ginerál look'd at 'em a spell, and then he looked at t'other one ; but he had no card ; he said he didn't do no business, because he had an office under the Goverment. The Ginerál begun to think there was another mistake ; and he look'd at me, and I tipp'd him a wink, and jest whisper'd in his ear, ' try 'em on *Glory* a spell, Ginerál,' says I, ' and there will be no mistake arter that ;' and so the Ginerál went at it,—and sure enuff you never see critters spruce up as they did ; and the further the Ginerál got into *Glory* and *Reform*, the louder these critters hurraw'd for us ; and Dennis got at it too ; and that made jest six on us, and we settled up matters as clear as a whistle. There warn't no distress nowhere ; one said, mahogany was as cheap as pine boards was a spell ago, and so was labour ; and if the Ginerál would ony go on and put down the Bank, and would give him an order to make him some tables, he would show the difference ; another said times never was better for his business,—for he expected this spring

to have the sellin of nigh upon all the household furniture in New-York; and the other said he was content, so long as the party hung together, for he got his honest livin out of the public money, and that didn't belong to nobody but the Ginerall; and then we all turn'd too agin, and had another spell of Glory and hurrawin.

The Ginerall was tickled most desperately; and he tell'd 'em all to stay and take dinner with us: and as soon as Congress was let out we had a good large party, and we all sot down and talk'd over matters; and as we had now jest the kind of folks from New-York to tell the Congress folks and all other friends what the rale state of things was North, and that there warn't no distress there, and them other fellers I tell'd you about in my last letter ony come here to throw dust in our eyes. Evry thing was now as light as sun shine, and it will take a good many Committees and Petitions too to make the Ginerall budge an inch now.

The Ginerall tell'd these good folks from Tammany Hall, he'd like to have 'em stay here as long as Congress remains here, and they may come and put up in the White House, and they shan't spend a cent of their own money. As soon as the Ginerall said that, one on 'em got up from the table and walked

round to the Ginerl, and whispered somethin in the Ginerl's ear. For a spell the Ginerl looked plagy blank, and all I could hear him say was, 'What'—'Rent'—'Can't pay.' 'I see,' says the Ginerl, 'how it is—that's Bid-dle's work—I'll disappint him:' and with that he call'd Amos, and whispered somethin to him, and *he* whisper'd somethin to Tawney, and *he* whisper'd agin to Major Blair, and so it went round, till one on 'em got up and went over to the Treasury, and brought in some money, and the Ginerl settled up that matter pretty quick. And so that's pretty much all I've got to say about this Tammany Committee—and if you want to know about some other things that's goin on here that I hain't got time to write about, I'd advise you to read Dennis McLooney's letters; he writes a leetle evry day to his friends in Ireland; and to git it home safe, he tells me he sends his letters to Mr. King, who prints the New-York American. Dennis and I are pretty good friends, considering—but he says he don't like the Yankees a bit; and, to be even with him, I tell him I like his countrymen amazingly—so we wont quarrel on that hook. Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXXI.

A Discussion on Assassination Letters—Reflections thereon—The Major exposed to Assassination as well as the General—This diabolical Plot not confined to one Party alone—Dutch Dunder and Blixem—The General alarmed at the Sound only—A Translation requested, and Reasons for declining it—A Lame Trick—Concluded by a Haw Haw.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 20th February, 1834.

WE have had a good deal of sport here lately, about a new kink our folks got into. Findin things was goin pretty tuff agin us, and so many Committee folks comin on here, pesterin on us every day with petitions and talk, they tho't best to put a stop to it—and got up some letters full of fire, and toe, and brimstone, and bloody murder agin the General—and threatenin on him. This, you know, is an old trick in the old countries—and I tell'd the General I was peskily afear'd it wouldn't work well here. But they wouldn't take my advice—and so they got some on

'em printed. The first go off, the Ginerál had a notion it would do some good in stirrin up our friends about the country : but when he and I come to consider on't, he begun to think it wouldn't work right—for when you come to think on't, it looks plagy strange that folks who want a recharter of a Bank should be cut-throats and murderers—for if they had a notion that way, they could get money without comin here for it, and killin the Ginerál, and runnin the risk of my axe in the bargain—' And now,' says I, ' Ginerál, I consider this business, now that it is all printed, a plagy small matter, and I am peskily afeard it will do us no good—folks will laff at it all about creation—and them that don't know the natur of our countrymen won't think so well on us—and I don't think it's right nother. But howsomever,' says I, ' since we've got in it, and some folks will laff, my notion is, we best begin and have some fun ourselves first ; and the next time all our Cabinet folks git together, I'll have my share on't at any rate.' And so, sure enuff, yesterday I got a chance. I sot down and jin'd the ring, and says I, ' More steel and brimstone, Ginerál.' And I out with a hull bundle of letters—and the

first one I read was dated away up in Hillsdale, New-Hampshire. 'Now,' says I, 'that's a rale geniwine letter—from a place where there ain't nobody but rale geniwine folks of our party.' They all stared, not knowin what was comin: and the Ginerall he sot still smokin so you couldn't see but leetle on him. And so I read:—

To Major Downing, alongside the Ginerall, }
Washington. }

'You etarnal rascal,—If you don't stop writin letters—that keep all the while workin agin our party—we will send folks to Washington who will chop you up into mince-meat with your own axe. We don't see how it is the Ginerall keeps sich a blasted scamp about him as you be—we believe you are bribed by Biddle; for we don't see how you git a livin out of your Major's commission, now there ain't no war. If the Ginerall changes his notions about the Bank, it will all be owin to your advice—so look out—and if the Bank comes out of this scrape alive, you are a dead man.'

* * * * *

'There,' says I, 'ain't that a stumper? But

here is one a leetle worse than that, and is dated, 'Dunder Barak (* * * *) Kender Hook, (* * * *) Overslaw.'

But that's all the English I can make on't. And the Ginerall he looked at it, and then ask'd Mr. Van Buren to read it out in English for us. And he took it and studied it over a spell, and he twisted round, and was plagily put to it to know what to do about it, and whispered somethin to the Globe man, and *he* whispered to another, and it went round. 'Come,' says I, 'let's have it.' 'Well,' says Mr. Van Buren, 'it's a pretty severe letter, but we best not translate it—I'll read it as it is, with pleasure.' And so he went at it after this fashion—and this is the copy on't :—

Donder Barrack digt by Kinderhook op de Overslag.

Aan Jan Downing, Majoor in het zelfe huis waar den General woont.

JY bent nu een levendige man maar zo zeker als gy nu den Generaal aanraad om de Bank van de vereenigde Staaten te herstellen, zullen wy den DONDER EN BLIXEM door je slaan, en dan zal je een dooije man zyn. Weet je dan niet dat als deeze Bank van de vereenigde Staaten niet vernietigd is, dat de Regeering

Bank te Albany haar oogmerk niet kan vervullen, om Mynheer Van Buren President te maaken? nu deeze brief is om je te zeggen dat als je niet ophoud met die gekke brieven te schryven, en regt omkeerd en Mynheer Van Buren ondersteund om die Bank na beneede te stellen, en de zekerheid-Gelde Banken na boven te houden pass op-of je krygt het mes in debuik, het maakt geen onder scheid wie lydt, of hoe veel meuschen bankroet gaan, als wy Mynheer Van Buren maar President kunnen maaken, en dan kan ieder en een die maar bewyzen kan dat hy hem ondersteund heeft en geld daarby verlooren heeft op de Pensioen Lyst van Mynheer Van Buren gesteld worden, en betaald worden wit de publicque kast, net als de oude Revolutie Soldaten, en als hy President word dan zal hy alles onder zyne bedwinging hebben en "*zyne vrienden beloonen, en zyne vyanden bestraffen.*"

Gy hebt maar eene week meer te leven als gy je gedrag niet veranderd—Dus pass op—

*****.

Before he got half threw, the Ginerall he riz up, and his hair stood evry way. And, says

he, 'Major, that *sounds* like bloody murder don't it?' And says I, 'there is no doubt on't. And if Mr. Van Buren would only give the English on't, it would be worse than any letter agin you, Ginerel,' says I. 'Well,' says the Ginerel, 'if it's worse in English than it *sounds* in Dutch, I don't want to hear it; and we best stop readin any more letters about murder.' 'Well,' says I, 'if that's enuff, I'm content. But,' says I, 'we best git these printed in the Globe.' 'No, no—O no, no—O no,' cried out pretty much all on 'em, 'they ain't *official* enuff for the Globe—nothin goes there but the rale stuff, 'by Authority.''

'Well,' says I, 'if anybody says this ain't as true as them other ones, I should like to hear it.' And I give 'em a look, but they didn't say a word. 'Well,' says I, 'that ain't all; if any on you want to know any thing more about these 'ere letters, I am willing *to tell you who* wrote 'em, and *why* they was written; and that's a leetle more than any on you dare say about t'other ones. And,' says I, 'that ain't all yet; if any on you want me to tell who wrote them t'other letters, and why they was written, I can tell you that too,' says I.

And with that, they all begun to look pritty

cloudy, and some on 'em said there warn't no use to say nothin more about the business. 'Very well,' says I, 'it's a nasty trick, any way ; it may do very well for some countries, but it won't do in this ; our people know a leetle too much to bite at sich a bait as that. And now,' says I, 'the next time any on you want to play off a rale good trick, you must be sartin first, to see both eends on't ; or else,' says I, 'you'll be as bad off as my old neighbour Eliakum Doolittle, who work'd nigh upon a week diggin a wolf-pit, and fixen a trap-fall on top on't, and jest as he was baitin on't, he slipp'd in himself ; and it warn't till he was enymost starved to death, afore the neighbours found out where he was.'

The General was tickled to death with this story, but our folks didn't like it a bit ; and so he ha-haw'd—and as I always in these hard times hook on to any thing worth laffin at (for the chance is plagy scarce), I turn'd to, and join'd the General, and we ha-haw'd together till there warn't a critter left in the room but me and the General. And so that's all I've got to say about murder and brimstone this time.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXXII.

The Major thinks of resigning, and the General becomes alarmed about it—The Major's Notions about the 'No Bank Experiment'—He is rather stumped—The Government's Scrape with Squire Biddle—The General gets 'riled,' and tells a Rackoon Story, to show that he understands Banking—The Major then tells a curious Story about a very wonderful old Hen owned by his Grandmother, the supposed 'barin' of which does not exactly please the Cabinet—With other matters too tedious to mention.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 8th March, 1834.

EVER since I wrote to you about them assassinations, and brimstone and murder letters, I have been lookin on to see how our folks are to work their way out of the scrape they have got *The Goverment* in, and I didn't mean to say another word about it. But as things are ony gittin worse and worse, I tell'd the Ginerall, for the last time, if some change didn't take place, I must quit—for I couldn't stay here and have my advice put aside jest to suit other folks' notions—when I see, as plain as I could see daylight, the hull country goin all to smash. The Ginerall was considerable struck up when I talked of leavin on him—

and he asked me where I was goin. 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, that's pretty tuff to tell, for I don't see now where I can go to git rid of this plagy trouble—for it's a leetle worse than cholera morbus—a body could git away from that, but this has got now everywhere—and when it gits hold, kamfire and lodnum stands no chance with it.' 'I am afraid, Major,' says the Gineral, 'you are changin your politics.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, it may be so—for a man may as well change his teeth,' says I, 'if by keepin his old set he can git nothing to bite with 'em.

'And now,' says I, 'Gineral, jest let's you and I look into this *Experiment* of yourn, and see where it is goin to land us ; for,' says I, 'if I don't miss my guess, we shall turn heels over head to rights, and there is no 'tellin which eend will come down first. And I don't see,' says I, 'what good is to come on't, even supposin we come down feet first. How,' says I, 'are we goin to satisfy this everlastin batch of folks, with all their little children who are *now sufferin* all about the country by this plaguy *Experiment*. You might as well,' says I, 'try to make folks believe it will be all the better for 'em herearter, when

they git used to it, to take off their shoes and stockins and go barefoot now, and tell 'em that's the only way—so that in war-time evry man will be ready to march, and not bother the country to provide shoes and stockins for 'em. And it's pretty much so now with this plaguy *No Bank Experiment*. Folks have got a notion that they can't git on without Banks—and they know, too, there must be a good strong one to regulate all the small ones, jest like the balance-wheel in a watch—for without that,' says I, 'the little wheels will all go wiz, and break all to bits—and you'll never know the time of day no more than a sun-dial will tell in a snow storm. And then,' says I, 'to talk about hard money, and that there mustn't be no other kind of money. Why,' says I, 'you might as well tell folks to go back to shoe-buckles agin, when a good leather string is lighter and better. Now suppose,' says I, 'a marchant wants to send money from here to New-Orleans to buy cotton, or to China to buy tea—and supposin,' says I, 'an old Revolutionary soldier, livin away back in the country, sent here for his pension, and he was too old to come for it himself; how then,' says I, 'would we manage to git this money in the

safest way possible, ary to New-Orleans to buy cotton, or to China to buy tea, or to the hands of this old soldier. If you send hard dollars,' says I, 'in a ship, and she sinks, it's gone to all etarnity—and if the pirates take her, it's worse yet—and if you send it by mail, Major Barry would have to make some worse contracts than we have already. This stumps me considerable, and I have been lookin into it ever since this Bank war begun—and the ony way,' says I, 'is to have a Bank that everybody has got confidence in, and have it as strong as all natur, and known everywhere, and then we can git round all these storms, and pirates, and labour of luggin hard money about. And we don't want no better Bank than we've got now, to do all this, if we ony let it alone. And the best proof that it is strong enuff is, that with all our hammerin at it we hain't shook an atom on't—and the more we fight agin it the worse it is for the people who want the money this Bank owns, and the Bank wants to lend its money, for that is its business—and when we tell the people that Squire Biddle is tle cause of makin money scarce, they know that's all ninkum fiddle.

‘Now,’ says I, ‘Gineral, suppose you was appointed to defend the country agin an enemy, that was comin here from abroad, and the enemy was, say 10,000 men, and they wouldn’t tell you where they were goin to land—but you was obliged every week to tell them where your men was.’ ‘Why,’ says the Gineral, ‘I’d go right down to New-Orleans and whip ’em, jest as I did afore.’ ‘But suppose,’ says I, ‘they wouldn’t go there agin, but kept dodgin about along the coast from one eend to tother, how then?’ said I. ‘Then,’ says the Gineral, ‘I’d call out evry man in the country—and I’d have 10,000 men in evry fort from New-Orleans to Downingville.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘that I suppose would be the ony way, and if it was in harvest-time it would be bad work for the crops.’ ‘I couldn’t help that,’ says the Gineral, ‘I’d defend the country through thick and thin.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘that’s pretty much what Squire Biddle is arter—he don’t know where we intend to attack his Bank, and we make him tell us evry week jest how the Branches stand as to strength—and we have tell’d him we’d break him if we can, and so, as he wouldn’t be doin his duty if he didn’t defend his Bank, he is obliged to keep

every point as strong as he can, and so a good deal of money is idle jest as a good many militia-men would be idle in the war we've been talkin on ; there ain't one grain of difference,' says I, 'and evry attack we make agin the Bank ony makes things worse—the people all about the country see this now, and the hull country is sufferin. Now,' says I, 'Gineral, I'm gittin a leetle asham'd on't myself—we have got into a scrape—I should like to git out on't, and git you out on't too, if I can ; at any rate,' says I, 'I'll jest pack up my ax, and git my bundle ready, for as things are goin on it won't do to stay here.'

The Gineral got considerable riled at this, and slatted round a spell, but he soon see that didn't do no good, for it ony set me whistlin Yankee Doodle—and so to rights, says he, 'Major, did I ever tell you that rakoon story of mine, and the bee-tree, and the apple orchard ?' 'Well,' says I, 'not as I knows on, but I should like to hear it.' And so the Gineral he sot down and tell'd a plaguy long story about his goin out once with a gang of his niggers a rakoonin. It was jest arter the last Ingin war—and folks all about the country was beginnin to think that Gineral Wash-

ington was a fool to him. It wasn't long afore he tree'd a rakoon, and he set the niggers to work cuttin down the tree. This tree stood right alongside an old farmer's apple orchard—and afore it was half cut down, a man cum along and asked the Ginerál what he was arter, and he tell'd him: 'Why,' says he, 'Ginerál, you are barkin up the wrong tree this time, for I jest see that rakoon jump to the next tree, and afore this he is a mile off there in the woods.' The Ginerál tell'd him he was mistaken. And jest then the old farmer cum out, and he asked the Ginerál what on earth he was cuttin down that tree for—that it was one of the best bee-trees on his farm—and had supplied his family and the neighbours round with honey for a good many seasons, and that the bees was jest swarmin agin in it.

And with that the Ginerál got wrathly, and tell'd the niggers to cut away, and down went the tree right across the orchard fence—and says the Ginerál, 'If the rakoon ain't there, go on and cut down the apple orchard till you find him.' And the niggers kept at it, but afore they cut down many trees the old farmer larnt wisdom—and he come to the Ginerál, and tell'd him he was right arter all, for

the rakoon was jest where he thought he was—and he had jumped from one apple-tree to another, and was now in his cellar.’ And with that, the Ginerall he called off the niggers, and tell’d the farmer it was well he had found the rakoon as soon as he did, for he’d a cut down evry tree in his orchard. ‘And so I tell’d him,’ says the Ginerall ‘he might keep the rakoon for larnin wisdom.’

‘Now,’ says I, ‘Ginerall, what was your notion?’ ‘Why,’ says he, ‘Major, if I hadn’t done jest so, it would a gone all round the country that I know’d nothin about rakoonin; and it’s jest so with the Bank; if I give up my notion *now*, folks will say I know nothin about Bankin; and afore I’ll do that, I’ll break evry man in trade, from one eend of the country to the other. I’ll let folks know, afore I am done, that Andrew Jackson knows as much of Bankin as he does of rakoonin.’

‘Well,’ says I, ‘Ginerall, I don’t see how you git sich notions.’ ‘Nor I don’t nother, Major,’ says the Ginerall; ‘but it has always bin my way, when I git a notion, to stick to it till it dies a natural death—and the more folks talk agin my notions, the more I stick to ’em.’ ‘Now,’ says I, ‘Ginerall, that was a

pretty good story you've bin tellin, and I'd like to tell you one.' And the Ginerál he fill'd his pipe, and I began :—' A spell ago,' says I, ' my old Grandmother Danforth—by my mother's side—you know,' says I, ' Ginerál, my mother was a Danforth : ' and so I tell'd the Ginerál as far as I could all about the hull Danforth family ; and gittin that strait, I got back agin to my old Grandmother Danforth. ' Well,' says I, ' she owned an old hen, that was one of the curiestest critters that ever cluck'd. This old hen was never remarkable for laying eggs—but she was a master-hand in hatchin on 'em : my old Grandmother Danforth used to keep this old critter always busy ; and as fast as she hatch'd one batch, she'd stick under her another : it got so at last, all the other fowls about the place would come and slide themselves in alongside this old hen, and lay their eggs in her nest—sometimes ducks — sometimes geese — and sometimes dunghill fowls and bantums—it made no odds which : this old hen would hatch 'em all out, and was jest as tickled evry mornin when the young ones would crawl out of the nest as though she had laid the eggs herself—and was all the while ruffled and

rumped, and ready for a fight.' And so I tell'd the Ginerall a good long story about this old hen, and about her troubles,—and how the other fowls used to impose upon her, and so forth.

The Ginerall was a good deal taken with this story ; and he has been tellin on't to Mr. Van Buren, and Amos Kindle, and the rest of the Cabinet—and one on 'em came to me to know what barin that story had on *The Government* : and all I could say about it was, that the Ginerall tell'd me his rakoon story, to show how important it was for him to stick to a notion, right or rong ; and as he didn't know exactly how he got his notions, I thought I'd tell him the story of my old Grandmother Danforth's hen, and see if that would throw any light on't.

Then they wanted to know if I intended to compare the Ginerall to that old hen ? and I tell'd 'em it wan't so much my business as other folks' ; it was enuff for me to tell the story jist as it was. 'One thing, howsever,' says I, 'is pretty sartin, and that is, that the Ginerall has got some plagy odd fowls about him ; and that pretty much all on 'em have been droppin their eggs under him to hatch

for 'em, and nothin has come out of the nest yet that the people like. And,' says I, 'if some on you don't manage to stand aside and let an egg go in the nest worth hatchin, I am peskily afraid the people won't stand it much longer, but will make a clean sweep of the hull en you, and break up the old nest in the bargain; and so,' says I, 'that's all, for the present.'

Your old Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS :

DEAR SIRS,

Major Downing writes to me, sayin that his *military likeness* at the top of the Downingville folks aint consider'd as good as one the Ginerall got Major Earl to take, and which hangs up in the Ginerall's bed-room,—and the Major says the Ginerall wants you to put a copy on't in the next edition of the Major's Letters. It is a full length likeness of the Major in his political character, readin one of his own letters in print to the Ginerall, and is consider'd one of the most perfect likenesses now goin. I don't think I ever saw a better one in my born days.

Your Obedient Sarvant,

ZEKEL BIGELOW,

Broker and Banker,

Wall-street.

The reader will find the portrait, above referred to by Mr. Bigelow, on the fourth page of the present edition of the Major's Letters.

APPENDIX.

WE know of no man in the United States who has so many and so strong inducements to write for the newspapers as Major Downing. No writer of modern times has met with such decided success, nor do we recollect one whose popularity has been so extensive, and we may almost say, universal. We are not speaking of such writers as Sir Walter Scott, who made so many novels; nor Lord Byron, who wrote so much poetry. The Major has never, to our knowledge, written *a book*, either in prose or verse. Nor does he deal in works of the imagination of any description. His object appears to be simple narration—a mere historical account of what occurs before his own eyes, and about which he cannot make a mistake, unless it be what is sometimes called a *wilful one*. The Major is above such a sordid practice as that of writing fiction, merely for the purpose of amusing the idle and the inquisitive. His object is to record facts for the future historian; and that they may not be lost, he puts them in print with as little delay as possible; well knowing that when the chronicle of passing events is entered in the grand registers of historical truth,—the newspapers,—the copies become so multiplied that there is not only no danger of their being lost, but there is an absolute certainty that they cannot be corrupted, or perverted, without being detected. This is his great inducement to publish his works in the newspapers. He is perfectly assured that they will be preserved, pure and unsullied, for the use of the future writer of history.

And the wisdom of his plan is already manifest. His works, and particularly his Official Report on the Bank, have already been published in so many papers that any serious attempt to pervert his sentiments, or misrepresent his language, would be fruitless. We believe that article has already been inserted in at least fifty different papers, and it will probably go into nearly as many more. And it is highly creditable to the taste and principles of the country that there is such a general relish for sober, unvarnished, unsophisticated truth—for simple, unornamented narration.—*N. Y. Paper.*

APPENDIX.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.—We think the *jeu d'esprit* played off by the opposition wags in this character are the best things which have appeared in the newspapers for years. It is evident that the letters which have from time to time appeared under the hand and seal of the Major have been the result of great humour and talent. Their unbounded popularity brought various authors into the field; and although Major Jack was not always in keeping with himself, still a general identity preserved the effect of his numerous epistolary efforts. We are not surprised that the collar presses have at last come out against the Major. They call him the expiring wit of the opposition. We doubt whether this is so. We fancy that the Major will yet live to do his country service.

One of the neatest hits which the unsophisticated Major made, was that in which he mentioned the conduct of the Vice President, who, after a toss in the air by his restiff steed, so violent that it was impossible to tell which end was uppermost, came down upon his feet in Deacon Willoby's potato-patch, and immediately commenced bowing to the assembled multitude, just as if nothing had happened.

From the New-York American, Dec. 7, 1833.

But for the letters published originally in the New-York Daily Advertiser, and republished with the greatest avidity in almost every newspaper in the country, Major Downing would not have been by any means recognised, as he now is, as one of the first confidential advisers that ever stood between a people and their ruler. The Major is evidently a favourite of the people, and by his own showing (in which we trust he is not mistaken) he stands unrivalled in the estimation of the President; and has so ingeniously placed himself as to defy any power, legislative, executive, or judicial, to oust him from his position.

From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 13, 1833.

MAJOR DOWNING IN ENGLAND.—These inimitable letters, which first appeared in this paper, have been almost universally republished by the journals in this country. They have now reached London, and are copied with avidity in the leading journals of that city, and bid fair to be as extensively read in England as in this country. We regret exceedingly that they cannot be appreciated by an English reader with the same zest as by an American. The characters drawn, the masterly points made by the Major, must be lost to those who cannot, from the nature of the case, be acquainted with them. With all those disadvantages, it is no small credit to the talent of the author (and to the readers) that they should be thus favourably received.

APPENDIX.

From the Commercial Herald.

Our friend Major Downing has been knocking for three or four days at our door for admission, and was on the eve of being admitted when Mr. M'Duffie thrust him aside. We admit him this morning, not doubting that our readers will greet him.

From a Virginia paper.

Major Jack Downing is becoming decidedly more popular than the *General* himself. The Major has had an *axe* presented him in York State, and forwarded on to him at Washington, while the *General* has had a broom in Alexandria for more than a month, and none so kind as to deliver it to him. This looks squally. What a pity the *axe* and broom had not been received at the same moment!—the Major might have chopped the *K. Cabinet* into mince-meat, and the *General* done “the sweeping out.”

From the New-York American, Nov. 7, 1833.

MAJOR DOWNING—the only writer who, in our day, has treated political matters with equal humour and acuteness.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

There is about as eager a curiosity to know the author of the genuine letters of Major Downing, as there used to be about the letters of Junius.

From a Newark paper.

NATIVE MERIT.—Among the eminent men of our country who have risen to distinction, without the factitious advantages of birth or fortune, through the mere force of merit,—the innate, buoyant energies of a great mind,—Major Downing, of Downingville, the confidante of the President, and correspondent of the New-York Daily Advertiser, stands pre-eminent—high above his contemporaries in all that enters into the composition of a great character,—a noble, ingenuous spirit “that takes no private way,”—an acute, comprehensive mind,—habits of observation and research,—a profound acquaintance with human nature,—magnanimous and brave, feared at court, and a favourite of the people. In the two latter attributes he bids fair to excel the great master whom it was once his glory to serve, as he has long been confessedly superior to all rivalry in every other. The pen, the pencil, and the press have dedicated their best services to do him honour; the Wandering Piper pipes his praise; and the muses have pronounced his fame, in high poetic strains, from the top of Ida.

APPENDIX.

From a Philadelphia paper.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a N
year's treat, in the excellent letter from Major Jack Downing, to
be found in another column.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

Major Downing's letter to the Cabinet proper is a document of unusual interest. His views on the nature of the U. S. Bank and the currency of the country develop an intimate acquaintance with financial business. The analogy between the bank and the Conestoga wagon is good, and the steamboat simile is not less excellent. The Major's letters evidently increase in interest.

From the New-York Evening Star.

MAJOR DOWNING.—He stands on the highest pinnacle of Fame's temple, acknowledged by every one to be the first statesman, the most profound thinker, forcible writer, and purest patriot of the age. His tact and sagacity in discovering facts, and causes, and motives are equalled only by his astonishing power of description; and in the faculty of making his narratives and disquisitions attractive by the judicious, but liberal employment of wit, humour, and playful, yet apt illustrations he has never had a superior. His most finished productions are those addressed in fact to the people of this city, but nominally to his old friend Mr. Dwight; and when these are collected, which we understand to be in contemplation, there can be no doubt that the sale will be tremendous.

The Publishers deem it due to Major Downing to state, that the preceding are but a very few of the numerous notices which have appeared in different parts of the country in commendation of his interesting and very valuable Letters. Those which are here introduced will, however, afford sufficient evidence of the unprecedented popularity of the Major's correspondence, and of the extent to which it has been already appreciated.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.

FICTITIOUS composition is now admitted to form an extensive and important portion of literature. Well-wrought novels take their rank by the side of real narratives, and are appealed to as evidence in all questions concerning man. In them the customs of countries, the transitions and shades of character, and even the very peculiarities of costume and dialect, are curiously preserved; and the imperishable spirit that surrounds and keeps them for the use of successive generations renders the rarities for ever fresh and green. In them human life is laid down as on a map. The strong and vivid exhibitions of passion and of character which they furnish, acquire and maintain the strongest hold upon the curiosity, and, it may be added, the affections of every class of readers; for not only is entertainment in all the various moods of tragedy and comedy provided in their pages, but he who reads them attentively may often obtain, without the bitterness and danger of experience, that knowledge of his fellow-creatures which but for such aid could, in the majority of cases, be only acquired at a period of life too late to turn it to account.

This "Library of Select Novels" will embrace none but such as have received the impress of general approbation, or have been written by authors of established character; and the publishers hope to receive such encouragement from the public patronage as will enable them in the course of time to produce a series of works of uniform appearance, and including most of the really valuable novels and romances that have been or shall be issued from the modern English and American press.

There is scarcely any question connected with the interests of literature which has been more thoroughly discussed and investigated than that of the utility or evil of novel reading. In its favour much may be and has been said, and it must be admitted that the reasonings of those who believe novels to be injurious, or at least useless, are not without force and plausibility. Yet, if the arguments against novels are closely examined, it will be found that they are more applicable in general to excessive indulgence in the pleasures afforded by the perusal of fictitious adventures than to the works themselves; and that the evils which can be justly ascribed to them arise almost exclusively, not from any peculiar noxious qualities that can be fairly attributed to novels as a species, but from those individual works which in their class must be pronounced to be indifferent.

But even were it otherwise—were novels of every kind, the good as well as the bad, the striking and animated not less than the puerile, indeed liable to the charge of enfeebling or perverting the mind; and were there no qualities in any which might render them instructive as well as amusing—the universal acceptance which they have ever received, and still continue to receive, from all ages and classes of men, would prove an irresistible incentive to their production. The remonstrances of moralists and the reasonings of philosophy have ever been, and will still be found, unavailing against the desire to partake of an enjoyment so attractive. Men will read novels; and therefore the utmost that wisdom and philanthropy can do is to cater prudently for the public appetite, and, as it is hopeless to attempt the exclusion of fictitious writings from the shelves of the library, to see that they are encumbered with the least possible number of such as have no other merit than that of novelty.

HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY.

DESIGNED FOR ADULT PERSONS

"Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. A man will often look at them, and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger size, and of a more erudite appearance."—DR. JOHNSON.

THE proprietors of the Family Library feel themselves stimulated to increased exertions by the distinguished favour with which it has already been received.

The volumes now before the public may be confidently appealed to as proofs of zeal on the part of the publishers to present to their readers a series of productions, which, as they are connected, not with ephemeral, but with permanent subjects, may, years hence as well as now, be consulted for lively amusement as well as solid instruction.

To render this Library still more worthy of patronage, the proprietors propose incorporating in it such works of interest and value as may appear in the various Libraries and Miscellanies now preparing in Europe, particularly "Constable's Miscellany," the "Edinburgh Cabinet" Library, &c. All these productions, as they emanate from the press, will be submitted to literary gentlemen for inspection; and none will be reprinted but such as shall be found calculated to sustain the exalted character which this Library has already acquired.

Several well-known authors have been engaged to prepare for it original works of an American character, on History, Biography, Travels, &c. &c.

Every distinct subject will in general be comprehended in one volume, or at most in three volumes, which may form either a portion of the series or a complete work by itself; and each volume will be embellished with appropriate engravings.

The entire series will be the production of authors of eminence, who have acquired celebrity by their literary labours, and whose names, as they appear in succession, will afford the surest guarantee to the public for the satisfactory manner in which the subjects will be treated.

Such is the plan by which it is intended to form an *American Family Library*, comprising all that is valuable in those branches of knowledge which most happily unite entertainment with instruction. The utmost care will be taken, not only to exclude whatever can have an injurious influence on the mind, but to embrace every thing calculated to strengthen the best and most salutary impressions.

With these arrangements and facilities, the publishers flatter themselves that they shall be able to present to their fellow-citizens a work of unparalleled merit and cheapness, embracing subjects adapted to all classes of readers, and forming a body of literature deserving the praise of having instructed many, and amused all; and above every other species of eulogy, of being fit to be introduced, without reserve or exception, by the father of a family to the domestic circle. Meanwhile, the very low price at which it is charged renders more extensive patronage necessary for its support and prosecution. The *immediate* encouragement, therefore, of those who approve its plan and execution is respectfully solicited. The work may be obtained in complete sets, or in separate numbers, from the principal booksellers throughout the United States.

Notices of the Family Library.

"The publishers have hitherto fully deserved their daily increasing reputation by the good taste and judgment which have influenced the selections of works for the Family Library."—*Albany Daily Advertiser*.

"The Family Library—A title which, from the valuable and entertaining matter the collection contains, as well as from the careful style of its execution, it well deserves. No family, indeed, in which there are children to be brought up, ought to be without this Library, as it furnishes the readiest resources for that education which ought to accompany or succeed that of the boarding-school or the academy, and is infinitely more conducive than either to the cultivation of the intellect."—*Monthly Review*.

"It is the duty of every person having a family to put this excellent Library into the hands of his children."—*N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser*.

"It is one of the recommendations of the Family Library, that it embraces a large circle of interesting matter, of important information and agreeable entertainment, in a concise manner and a cheap form. It is eminently calculated for a popular series—published at a price so low, that persons of the most moderate income may purchase it—combining a matter and a style that the most ordinary mind may comprehend it, at the same time that it is calculated to raise the moral and intellectual character of the people."—*Constellation*.

"We have repeatedly borne testimony to the utility of this work. It is one of the best that has ever been issued from the American press, and should be in the library of every family desirous of treasuring up useful knowledge."—*Boston Statesman*.

"We venture the assertion that there is no publication in the country more suitably adapted to the taste and requirements of the great mass of community, or better calculated to raise the intellectual character of the middling classes of society, than the Family Library."—*Boston Masonic Mirror*.

"We have so often recommended this enterprising and useful publication (the Family Library), that we can here only add, that each successive number appears to confirm its merited popularity."—*N. Y. American*.

"The little volumes of this series truly comport with their title, and are in themselves a Family Library."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"We recommend the whole set of the Family Library as one of the cheapest means of affording pleasing instruction, and imparting a proper pride in books, with which we are acquainted."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"It will prove instructing and amusing to all classes. We are pleased to learn that the works comprising this Library have become, as they ought to be, quite popular among the heads of families."—*N. Y. Gazette*.

"The Family Library is, what its name implies, a collection of various original works of the best kind, containing reading useful and interesting to the family circle. It is neatly printed, and should be in every family that can afford it—the price being moderate."—*New-England Palladium*.

"We are pleased to see that the publishers have obtained sufficient encouragement to continue their valuable Family Library."—*Baltimore Republican*.

"The Family Library presents, in a compendious and convenient form, well-written histories of popular men, kingdoms, sciences, &c. arranged and edited by able writers, and drawn entirely from the most correct and accredited authorities. It is, as it professes to be, a Family Library, from which, at little expense, a household may prepare themselves for a consideration of those elementary subjects of education and society, without a due acquaintance with which neither man nor woman has claim to be well bred, or to take their proper place among those with whom they abide."—*Charleston Gazette*.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY

THE Publishers have much pleasure in recording the following testimonials in recommendation of the Family Classical Library.

"Mr. Valpy has projected a *Family Classical Library*. The idea is excellent, and the work cannot fail to be acceptable to youth of both sexes, as well as to a large portion of the reading community, who have not had the benefit of a learned education."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1829.

"We have here the commencement of another undertaking for the more general distribution of knowledge, and one which, if as well conducted as we may expect, bids fair to occupy an enlarged station in our immediate literature. The volume before us is a specimen well calculated to recommend what are to follow. Leland's Demosthenes is an excellent work."—*Lit. Gazette*.

"This work will be received with great gratification by every man who knows the value of classical knowledge. All that we call purity of taste, vigour of style, and force of thought, has either been taught to the modern world by the study of the classics, or has been guided and restrained by those illustrious models. To extend the knowledge of such works is to do a public service."—*Court Journal*.

"The *Family Classical Library* is another of those cheap, useful, and elegant works, which we lately spoke of as forming an era in our publishing history."—*Spectator*.

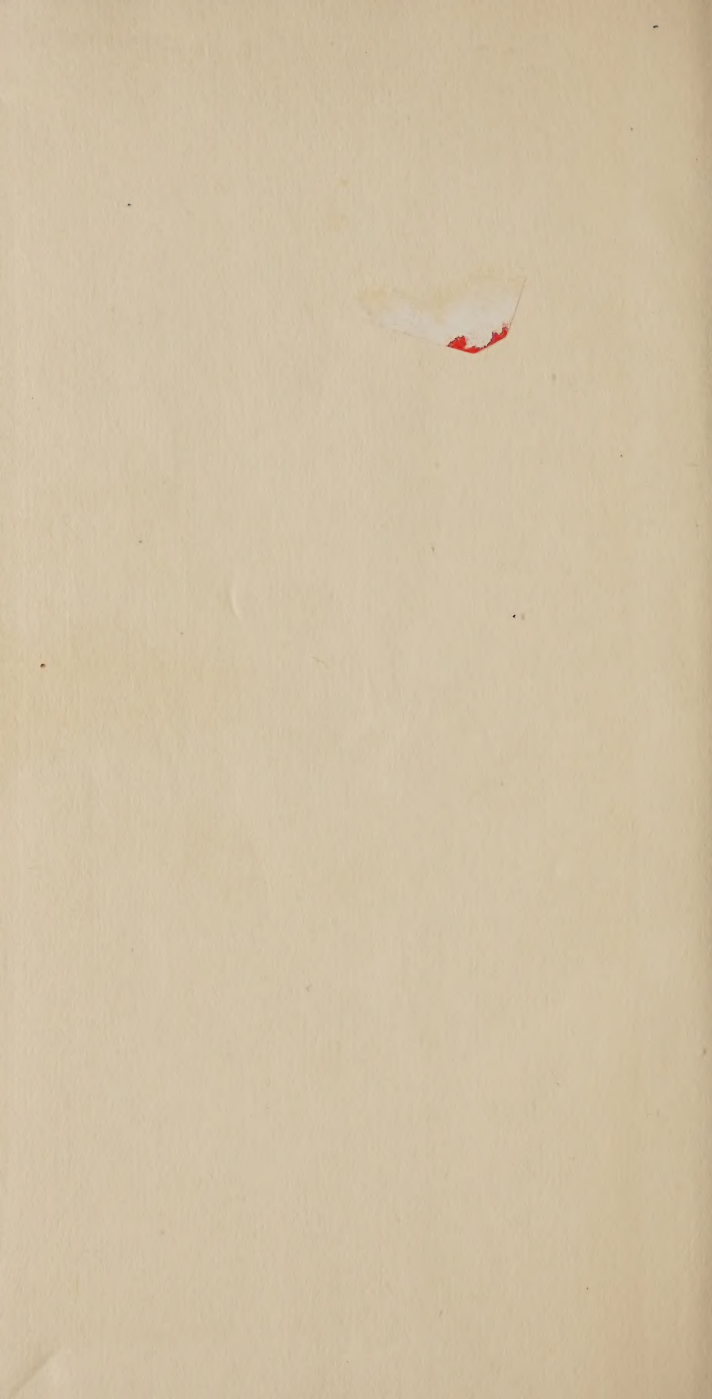
"The present era seems destined to be honourably distinguished in literary history by the high character of the works to which it is successively giving birth. Proudly independent of the fleeting taste of the day, they boast substantial worth which can never be disregarded; they put forth a claim to permanent estimation. The *Family Classical Library* is a noble undertaking, which the name of the editor assures us will be executed in a style worthy of the great originals."—*Morning Post*.

"This is a very promising speculation; and as the taste of the day runs just now very strongly in favour of such Miscellanies, we doubt not it will meet with proportionate success. It needs no adventitious aid, however influential; it has quite sufficient merit to enable it to stand on its own foundation, and will doubtless assume a lofty grade in public favour."—*Sun*.

"This work, published at a low price, is beautifully got up. Though to profess to be content with translations of the Classics has been denounced as 'the thin disguise of indolence,' there are thousands who have no leisure for studying the dead languages, who would yet like to know what was thought and said by the sages and poets of antiquity. To them this work will be a treasure."—*Sunday Times*.

"This design, which is to communicate a knowledge of the most esteemed authors of Greece and Rome, by the most approved translations, to those from whom their treasures, without such assistance, would be hidden, must surely be approved by every friend of literature, by every lover of mankind. We shall only say of the first volume, that as the executor well accords with the design, it must command general approbation."—*The Observer*.

"We see no reason why this work should not find its way into the boudoir of the lady, as well as into the library of the learned. It is cheap, portable, and altogether a work which may safely be placed in the hands of persons of both sexes."—*Weekly Free Press*.



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